

THE LEISURE HOUR

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An Illustrated Magazine
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The NEXT ISSUE of the LEISURE HOUR, the July Number (published June 24), will contain a Special Summer Supplement. Though there will be no increase in price, the Magazine will be enlarged and will be of exceptional interest, full of bright articles, charming stories, and beautiful pictures, suited to the season. Order your copies at once.



ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN,
who is about to visit this country as the guest of King Edward VII.

JUNE 1905

4 Bouyerie St.

SIXPENCE

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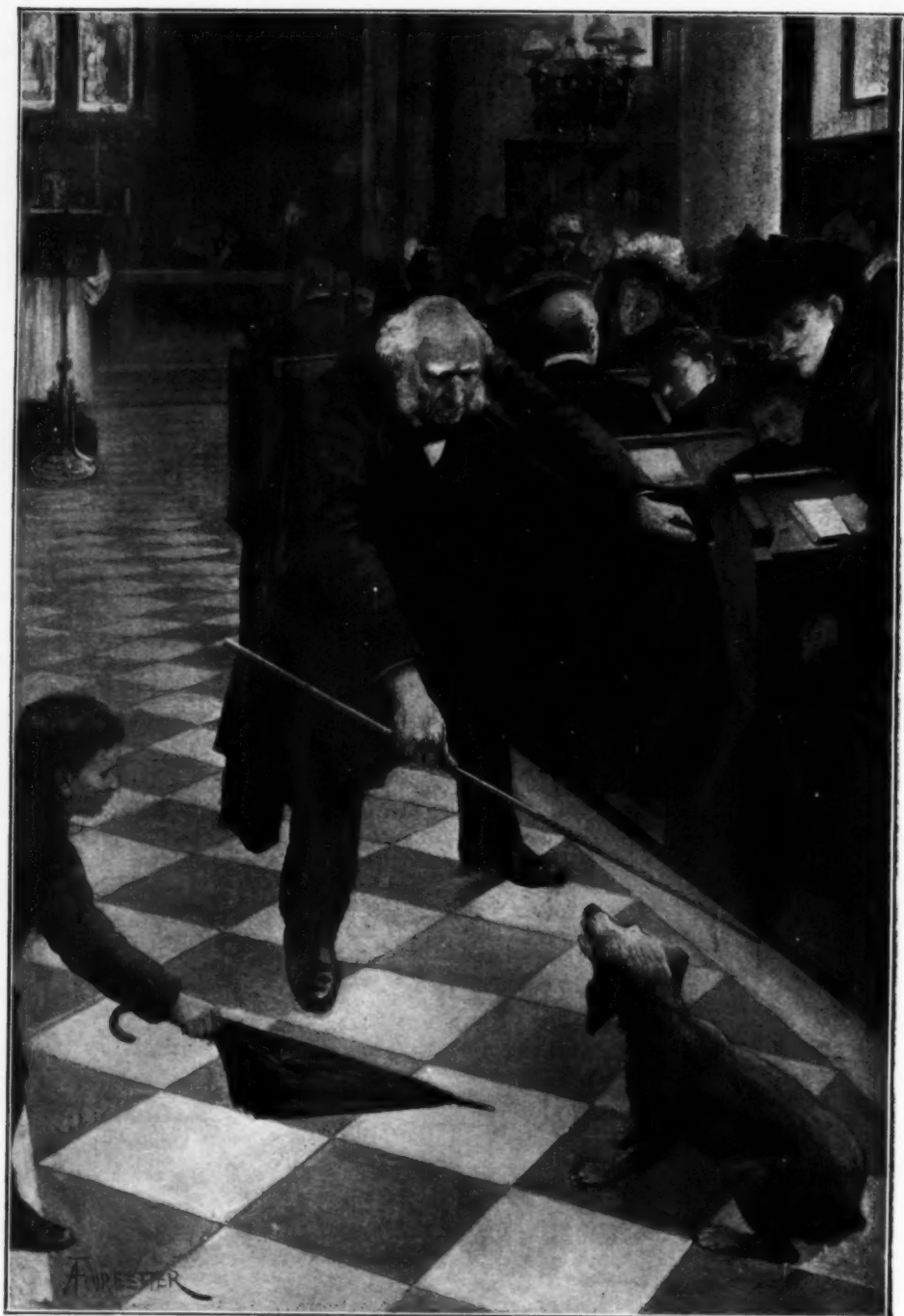
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"WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY"



THE GONDOLA

(From a painting by Professor Becker.)

THE STORY OF VENICE

"I saw from out the waves her structures rise as from the stroke of an enchanter's wand."

IT was claimed for Venice in the days of her greatest glory that she was the Queen of the Seas. Her proud galleys, whether in search of commerce or conquest, were found on the shores of every country which bordered the Mediterranean. The water was her natural element. Her greatness was based upon trade. Her merchants grew rich and erected splendid palaces for themselves out of profits derived from the commerce of the East and the West, from the Pillars of Hercules to the stormy Euxine. Her people were contented and well governed. It is true that the history of Venetian politics contains many a black page, many a page stained with lust, ferocity, treachery and assassination, but it is unquestioned that her rulers strained after an ideal of inflexible justice. The Courts of Venice showed no respect of persons. The highest in the State knew that the law maintained an unceasing vigilance, and that if crime were brought home to them the sword of justice would assuredly work vengeance. Venice was no doubt favoured in her day by the general

circumstances of the world, but the long continuance of her prosperity and greatness was due, in great part, to the patriotism of her people and the righteousness of her rule.

The history of this fair Queen of the Seas, throned upon her hundred isles, is an interesting tale, and we are glad to observe that there seems to be at the present time a revival of interest in her fame and fate. We desire particularly to commend the little book on Venice, written by Mr. Thomas Okey, and recently published by Messrs. Dent and Co., in their Mediæval Towns series. It forms an admirable introduction to the study of Venetian history and art.

Venice was founded, in the fifth century, when the Roman Empire was tottering to its fall, by a band of fugitives who sought safety from the fury of barbarous invaders among the islands of this remote corner of the Adriatic. The settlers soon established a reputation as brave fishermen and eager, adventurous merchants. Having been Roman citizens, they valued municipal

The Story of Venice.

institutions, and the republican form of government was securely established from the first. At no time during the thousand and more years of her history as a State were republican institutions subverted.

The powers of the Doge, who was

chosen for life, were supreme; he had even a veto upon the election of Patriarchs and Bishops, but he could not declare war or conclude peace without the approval of the people, and he was kept well in hand by his council and the powerful oligarchy

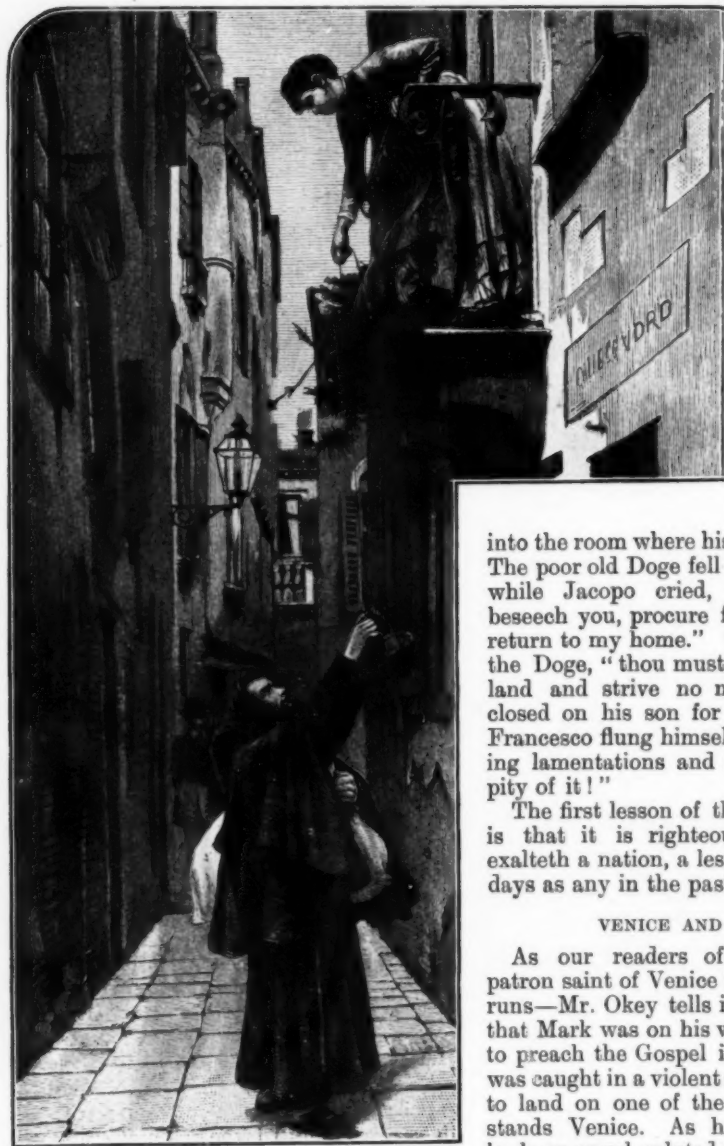
which speedily grew up in a State abounding in merchant princes. One Doge was actually brought to trial for treason and was punished by death; and even the splendid renown and the brilliant services of the Doge Francesco Foscari could not save his son from the indignities and tortures decreed by public justice. Jacopo, bearing marks of the torture, was led

into the room where his father awaited him. The poor old Doge fell upon his son's neck, while Jacopo cried, "Father, father, I beseech you, procure for me permission to return to my home." "Jacopo," answered the Doge, "thou must obey the will of the land and strive no more." As the door closed on his son for ever, the miserable Francesco flung himself upon a chair, uttering lamentations and moaning, "Oh, the pity of it!"

The first lesson of the history of Venice is that it is righteousness alone which exalteth a nation, a lesson as much for our days as any in the past.

VENICE AND ST. MARK

As our readers of course know, the patron saint of Venice is Mark. The story runs—Mr. Okey tells it tersely and well—that Mark was on his way from Alexandria to preach the Gospel in Aquileia, when he was caught in a violent storm and compelled to land on one of the islands where now stands Venice. As he stepped from his bark an angel saluted him and announced that one day his body should find a resting-place and veneration where then he set foot.



A SCENE IN VENICE

A priest collecting alms in one of the very narrow streets which abound in this famous and ancient city.

The Story of Venice

THE MOUTH OF THE GRAND CANAL

This picture, in which the magnificent domes of the Cathedral of St. Mark are conspicuous, gives a good general idea of the configuration of "The Queen of the Adriatic."

Reproduced, by permission, from "Venice" by G. Pauli, published by Grevel & Co.



Mark in due course died and was buried at Alexandria. Three Venetian merchants bribed the custodian of the evangelist's tomb, that they might be allowed to bear away the body. They went by night to the sepulchre, and, putting the body in a basket, covered it with cabbages and swine's flesh, wrapping up another body in the

grave-clothes from which they had taken the corpse of the evangelist. The merchants bore off the body of Mark in the basket to the ship and slung it to the mast! At the very moment that they opened the tomb, so sweet and so great an odour spread through the midst of the city that all the spiceries in Alexandria could not have caused the



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK, THE SANCTU- ARY OF THE PATRON SAINT OF VENICE

A magnificent pile of domes and minarets, and recessed arches, columns of marble and alabaster, glowing mosaics and grotesque carvings—"a jewelled casket wrought to preserve the Palladium of the Venetian people."

The Story of Venice



BUST OF THE DOGE FRANCESCO
FOSCARI

For the sad, romantic story of his life
see Mr. Okey's charming book on Venice
(recently published by Dent & Co.).

like. Wherefore the people
said, "Mark is stirring," for
they were wont to smell such
fragrance every year. But
when they went to the tomb
all seemed well—there lay the
saint wrapped in his grave-
clothes!

Thus the merchants got
clear away with the precious
relic on board their ship. The
body was received with great
ceremony and salutation by
the Doge and clergy of Venice,
and St. Mark became the
patron of the Republic. It
is an interesting story, how-
ever small its intrinsic value,
and it is well worth repeating,
because the veneration of the
Venetians for St. Mark was a
powerful and ever-present
factor in their history.

A GREAT NAVAL POWER

Venice was a commercial
State, a community of traders.
Of necessity she developed
into a great maritime power;

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she had to create a navy in order to insure
her commerce. Some historians, while
allowing the greatness of Venice, have
entertained rather a contemptuous opinion
of the Venetians, representing them as
cunning, greedy traders. This exaggerated
view excited the eloquent indignation of
Ruskin. If Venice was not to remain
stagnant she must seek either commerce
or territory. In the beginning of her
history her thoughts were all bent towards
the former; if the pursuit of this involved
her in warfare and she emerged from the
conflict victorious, the result invariably was
the establishment of Venetian settlements



A CORNER OF THE DOGES' PALACE

Notice the representation of the Judgment of Solomon in the centre of the
picture. The Palace is famous for its wealth of architectural beauty
and for its vast halls filled with relics of by-gone magnificence.

The Story of Venice

in the territory of the vanquished and the concession of special trading privileges. Territory was only an afterthought and the acquisition of it added little to the strength and glory of the State, but on the contrary involved her in warfare and loss.

VENICE AND THE CRUSADES

In many of the Venetian enterprises there was a strange blending of the pious and the commercial. There is reason for more than suspicion that the part she took in the Crusades was prompted by a keen expectation of the opportunities for trade that might be opened up by the wars in the East. It is certain that the Venetians had no objection to growing rich by commerce with the infidel, nor even averse—on occasions—to supplying them, at a profit, with munitions of war. The heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked, its faculty for cheating itself seems to be boundless, and many Venetians may have thought that they were honouring God when they bestowed upon the Cathedral of St. Mark rich gifts earned by the proceeds of trading with the Saracens.

With the discovery of America in 1492 and of the sea route to the East by the Cape of Good Hope the decline of Venice decisively began. She had already been greatly weakened by unwise military



THE FINEST EQUESTRIAN STATUE IN EUROPE IS THE MONUMENT OF COLLEONI, A FAMOUS WARRIOR

The scene at the base of the monument (shown in our picture) is characteristic of the leisurely methods of existence adopted by the present-day Venetians.

THE RIALTO BRIDGE OVER THE GRAND CANAL

The Rialto was in old days a recognised rendezvous of traders, and is several times mentioned in *The Merchant of Venice*.

This view of it is not so familiar as others to English readers.

Reproduced
from "Venice" by
Thomas Okey.



The Story of Venice

adventures. Impelled, partly by motives of self-defence and partly by a spirit of aggression, to acquire territory on the surrounding mainland, she was unable to hold it because she had never developed any marked aptitude for military operations on land, and had indeed entrusted her landward defence largely to mercenaries. But indeed the fading of her glory was inevitable.



THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE OF THE PALACE
OF THE CONTARINI

The last of this race, once wealthy and powerful,
died three years ago in lodgings.

REMOVING THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD

As long as the Mediterranean was indeed, as the name implies, "the middle sea" of the world, so long the fortunes of Venice and the other well-governed States on the seaboard might be expected to last. But with the discovery of America the Atlantic became "the middle sea," the tide of commerce flowed West, and the rod of empire passed into the hands of the nations which were situated, with respect to the new mediterranean sea, as Venice and her rivals were with respect to the old one—namely, Spain, France, Holland, and England.

The discovery of the route to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope was another paralysing blow to Venice. Formerly goods from India—spices, silks, etc.—had to be brought by the dangerous overland routes, and the cost of the goods, when they reached Venice, had been immensely increased by the dues paid to troublesome potentates. Traders who used the oversea route escaped these tributes, and the merchants of Spain undersold those of Venice and Genoa in the markets of the world.

As trade languished and the population diminished, public shows increased in splendour. Venice became the temple of pleasure. All the arts subservient to the luxury and vices of the rich, the classes who were living on the interest of fortunes made in the spacious days of Venice, flourished in rankest exuberance. The card-table, the coffee-house and the play became absorbing interests. Angelo Emo, the last of the great Venetians, after clearing the seas of the Algerian pirates, died at Malta in 1792. Five years later Napoleon marched his battalions towards the lagoons, and before the mere breath of his coming the Republic of Venice crumbled into dust. On May 16, 1797, for the first time in a thousand years, the Rialtic islands were trodden by the foot of the conqueror, and the hundred and twentieth Doge of Venice, handing his biretta to an attendant, said, "Take it away, we shall not need it again."

THE CRY OF THE GONDOLIER

Venice is unique—to use in its exact sense a word frequently abused. There is no city in the world like it. The most heedless tourist who glides in his gondola

A FISHERMAN HANDS THE RING OF ST. MARK TO THE DOGE

This picture by Bordone commemorates an ancient Venetian legend. A poor old fisherman was accosted by three strangers of venerable appearance who commanded him to take them out to sea. Scarcely had they reached the open Adriatic when they beheld a ship filled with devils pressing swiftly forward to wreak destruction on Venice. The three strangers made the sign of the cross: ship and devils vanished: the sea grew calm: Venice was saved! One of the heavenly visitors—St. Mark—sent the fisherman on an important embassy to the Doge and gave him his ring in order that the ruler might be satisfied of the messenger's credentials.

*Reproduced, by
permission, from "Venice"
by G. Pauli.*



through the intricate labyrinth of its canals or stands entranced before the splendours of its cathedral feels this deeply.

Here is a city where cabs and omnibuses, horses and carriages are unknown; where gondolas pass to and fro without a sound, and where a sense of strangeness and mystery broods over everything. No roar of traffic in the streets, no clatter of hoofs or rattle of wheels on the pavements! Nothing but the gentle splash of the oar and the sharp cry of the gondolier as he rounds a corner. In the streets a mysterious silence prevails, for they are so narrow that no carriage can pass along them, and no quadruped bigger than a dog is to be seen. The steamboats now plying on the Grand Canal hardly break the spell, for there is no trail of smoke, no swell of waves.

THE CHIEF GLORY OF VENICE

The first place to be visited, the last to be

revisited, and which when once seen will live in the memory like some gorgeous vision, is the Cathedral of St. Mark. Close by is the Doges' Palace. Not far off are the State prisons, dismal and terrible, the walls wet with ooze and slime, and the dungeons so dark that not a ray of light can penetrate. In front of the Doges' Palace is the Piazzetta, at the end of which are the two famous columns brought from Palestine when Venice was in its glory; the one surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark and the other by St. Theodore standing on a crocodile. No one should leave Venice without examining the equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni, of which Ruskin has said, "I do not believe that there is a more glorious work of sculpture existing in the world." Close at hand is the Arsenal, now desolate and silent, but once the source of the naval supremacy of Venice.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND

BY LADY ST. HELIER (LADY JEUNE)¹

TO write on the Ideal Husband twenty years ago would have presented no difficulties, for the lords of creation had it all their own way, and the world accepted their standard of the position they occupied. If it seemed somewhat anomalous, it was agreed to, for no one was either interested or bold enough to attack the stronghold which man had erected, where his will was law, and where no one ventured to discuss his sovereignty.

SOVEREIGN MAN !

To govern the world, to ride forth to war, to make laws, to be the centre of all the social economy of life, to be tyrant when he pleased, indulgent when that mood seized him, to be the lord and master of women, the arbiter of his children's destinies, such was the accepted position of the male portion of the community.

To discuss his rights, to doubt his wisdom, to resent his interference, was a position undreamt of and impossible. I am not exaggerating when I say that formerly a man was as absolutely master and omnipotent in his own house as any sovereign, and there was no appeal from his decisions. A few men there were, undoubtedly, who with bated breath were talked of as "henpecked," but the sympathy was with the male victim, and his wife was a woman universally condemned. Such viragoes were not much esteemed, while the gentle, mild, uncomplaining wife was the example of all that was beautiful and desirable in woman. The father and husband was the person on whom all the family interests centred; his comfort, his pleasure, was the first thought in every one's mind, and the family life was carried on in such a way as to take all friction and discomfort from his path.

HIS IDEA OF HAPPINESS

The average Englishman's highest idea of happiness being sport, every arrangement was made to enable him to carry on his hunting and shooting uninterruptedly, and the amusements of the family only took second place, when his sport was

over, or in such ways as would not interfere with him. Some recognition on his part as to their wishes and interest was graciously vouchsafed, but only in so far as was compatible with the uninterrupted pursuit of his own occupations, and his good-humoured indifference was accepted as a favour which called for gratitude and content.

The partner of his joys, the mother of his children, was a necessary accessory, for she carried on his name and attended to his material wants, and, fulfilling that important duty, received the necessary recognition at his hands; but the position was a one-sided one, and there was no question of equality between them. Nursing the children, attending to household cares, sewing on buttons, ministering to her lord and master's wants, was the routine of a woman's life, accepting what rough kindness and affection he vouchsafed to her with gratitude, not dreaming of any other possible existence, or even wanting it.

THE USURPATION OF WOMEN !

Now it is all changed. Woman in her new-found strength is redressing the inequalities of four thousand years, and demanding a recognition at the hands of her former lord and master of the position of equality she has taken up. What men laughed at and ridiculed at the onset has now become an accomplished fact, and women are usurping on every side the position of men, and exacting from them a life of which formerly they had the monopoly.

The new woman has determined that she will share the man's life in every sense of the word, and that men are to lead lives surrounded with the safeguards and self-restraint that have hitherto protected women. The standard of life is to be reversed. Women are to know all, and men are not to be permitted greater liberty and indulgence than women.

Thus we have the advent of the new man and the ideal husband, both the creation of the new woman and the feminine spirit of the time. What will the

¹ We deeply regret to notice, as this article is passing through the press, the announcement of the death of Lord St. Helier, the famous Judge. We offer Lady St. Helier our respectful sympathy.

The Ideal Husband

ideal husband be like? And when we have got him, shall we like him? Will he, with his greater virtue, his higher morality, be the man English women have loved, even with all his faults and inconsistencies? and whom, with all the ideas of a new creed and gospel, they, notwithstanding, will still love?

One thing is certain—that if such a radical change is to be worked in the lives of men, it must be done by women themselves, and not by preaching, abuse, or vituperation, but by making their own example such as will raise the standard of life, and, by the subtle influence they possess, make the men they live with better.

There are just as many ideal husbands as ideal wives, we maintain, because very few men and women are absolute brutes, or so entirely bad as to make existence together impossible. As many of the failures of married life lie at the door of the wife as at that of the husband. We are not talking now of the exceptions which no doubt exist, and which are hard and sad beyond words, but of the average man and woman who start in life together, and who get on *tant soit bien que mal*.

The fever-heat of passion cannot be kept up for ever, and when people settle down to their everyday life they are confronted with the monotony of an existence in which, while their interests are identical, they often aim at attaining them in different ways. The angles of life have to be rubbed down, and people have to realise that one of them must "bell the cat." There is always, and must always be, a

master-mind in every house, and the sooner that is recognised the happier for both. In nearly every case it must and should be the man's, for he is oftener than not the breadwinner, and round his life the household interests must shape themselves.

The real ideal husband should be a busy man, and one whose day is very full. Men are not happy without plenty of work; and a man who has no outlet for his energy elsewhere bestows it on his household, with generally unfavourable results. Small household concerns are

not a man's business, and nothing is more irritating than the perpetual interference of a theorist in the small matters of life.

In plenty of occupation is the real secret of happiness, but the woman must be content to take the smaller share in the wider and more engrossing life of the man she lives with. In the wider lives that women now lead, it appears as if little of the hardships and inequalities of which they complained had survived, and in the generous acceptance of that new position by men lies the fundamental reason for the happiness which we believe exists in England in as great a measure as anywhere.

Men have accepted the new rôle of woman with her greater emancipation, and have shown very little jealousy of her increasing power. It may be that the lives of men are in these days more occupied than formerly, and that they have not the time or opportunity to curtail the freedom of their "better halves"; for, undoubtedly, on the surface, the majority of men are kind if not "ideal husbands," if



LADY ST. HELIER (LADY JEUNE)

Photo by Thomson

The Ideal Husband

we may judge by the large liberty which married women enjoy.

THE IDEAL WIFE

It is very difficult to describe the ideal husband without the contrast of the wife who may not be so faultless; for where there is a happy household both man and woman embody the qualifications which create the character. Happiness is more secure when a man's life and occupations take him away from the smaller and worrying details of life, and when the home to which he returns is one in which peace and harmony hold undisturbed sway. As we said before, many of the unhappy lives we come across are caused by the weaknesses and foolishness of women. The new life of freedom bestowed on women will, we believe, in time clear some of the rocks and pitfalls out of the married state. In enlarging the interests and sympathies of women they become much more capable of appreciating the wider and broader lines of their husband's career, and more able to be a help and adviser to him.

FRIENDS AND COMRADES

It is often said that abroad married women are more able to be companions to their husbands in their professional careers than in England, and that they have a wider grasp of business and affairs, and that they are of more assistance to him, and a greater amount of *camaraderie* exists between them. If a woman takes an active personal interest in her husband's professional or business affairs, it must lead her thoughts into an entirely different channel, and develop the stronger side of her character. The petty jealousy, the fancied neglect, of which so many complain, and of which they make a real *bête noir*, are lost sight of in the larger and more engrossing interests of the new life which opens to her. Husband and wife become friends and comrades, with an identity of occupations which give no time or scope for the trivial, insignificant incidents which play so important a part in the lives of people who have no broader and more varied interests than those which arise out of the small details of domestic concerns.

Women are very sensitive about the

small attentions, the *petits soins*, which they consider they have a right to exact from their husbands; and the ideal husband, if he is a sensible one, will not forget the small signs of affection which constitute such a real joy in the lives of many women. Many a married life has been wrecked by the neglect of these small attentions so dear to the heart of women, but to which men pay so little heed and attach so little value. It is not that the sense of affection on the husband's part has diminished, but the fulness of his life and his business occupations absorb his thoughts, and the wife should content herself with such evidences of tenderness as he, harassed and busy, can find time to bestow, and the value of which is no less than the warmest feelings of their earlier married life.

LASTING HAPPINESS

One does not intend to convey the idea that the absence of these little courtesies on the husband's part betokens the departure of affection; for the real affection, which is the only sure foundation on which happy married life is built, remains, and is stronger and safer than the more demonstrative love of youth. The real friendship which grows up between husband and wife is the best and surest guarantee of happiness, and though something of the sentiment, romance, and passion have disappeared, the realities remain on which real and lasting happiness depends.

In marriage the lives and interests of both wife and husband are so inextricably combined, that they must act and work together if shipwreck is not to destroy the home, and so the ideal husband can hardly be said to exist unless the ideal wife be his counterpart. The husbands of ideal women are often considered poor creatures,—at least, modern feeling tends largely to encourage that idea,—and among such women the existence of the ideal would be denied, or he would be so rare a creature as to make his existence as hypothetical as the sea serpent. For our part, we are inclined to believe that the ideal does exist, but can only be attained by joint co-operation, and that, as we have said before, we shall find our ideal husband nearly always the partner of the ideal wife.

The Wan Thing Or The Other

A CHARMING LITTLE IDYLL

BY CAHIR HEALY

I



"DEAR-A-DEAR!" EJACULATED LIZZIE, PUTTING DOWN THE BUCKETS AS SHE ESPIED A FIGURE SITTING ON THE STILE

"I AM goin' to feed the calves, daddy," she said, laying her hand gently upon his shoulder.

Old Trainer, half asleep in the arm-chair by the fire, suddenly started up. "What's that ye said, Lizzie?"

"That I'm goin' to feed the calves. They're in the yella midda." Then she added: "I won't be wan minit away, daddy."

"That's a good cutty, Lizzie," he said kindly, "and don't be neglectin' the calves anyway."

She took up the two heavy buckets and passed out. It was in the gathering dusk. An old boreen, grass-grown and whin-bordered, led to the yellow meadow where the calves were. It was an evening in May, and the air was laden with the perfume of the mint that grew in great bunches in the sheough (ditch), and the snowy blossoms on the hawthorn and the southernwood. Half-way down the boreen she stopped and laid down the buckets. "Dear-a-dear!" she ejaculated, half regretfully, pushing back the hair from her forehead. Then she lifted the buckets again and hurried on.

Beside the gate leading into the meadow was a low stile. Somebody was sitting upon the top step. "It's a gran' evenin', Lizzie, glory be to God," said the figure on the stile, rising as she approached.

"A fine evenin', indeed," she replied, putting down the buckets and staring at him. He was standing right in her way. "Maybe ye would oblige me and step on wan side for a little?" she added, half playfully.

"Not a foot I'll move this evenin'," he said, "until I have said my say, Lizzie."

She stared at him in surprise. Many a time he had met her there in the past ten years to give her a hand at feeding the calves, and carrying the buckets, and pulling the hay

The Wan Thing Or The Other

to fodder the cows, but he never behaved like this before. After a little pause she asked, "What do ye mane at-all, Bob?"

He came down the steps. "Lizzie," he said, laying his hand upon her arm, "I won't lave here this blissid evenin' till ye give me either the wan word or the other."

"Bob Stewart," she said, sharply stepping back a few paces, "lave the way, if ye please."

He did not move. "I'll lave the way in a minit or two, Lizzie. Afther that ye have only to say the word and I'll niver put my foot upon the stile again." He spoke half pleadingly, half regretfully.

"Well?" a trifle less unkindly than before.

"A lethter came to Fawcett's yesther-day," he said, "and it says that they may expect Isaac home from Californy any day now."

He paused, waiting to see what effect the intelligence would have upon her; but she only hung her head and shuffled her feet about in the short grass that fringed the lane.

"It'll be nearly ten years since he went away," Bob continued. "There's a great power (deal) iv weather in ten years. The folks do be sayin' that he has made a great pile iv money. It often came in my min' in all that time that I should have went away, too, instead of workin' like a slave night, noon and mornin' for oul' Scott. Maybe I should have went away and maybe I shouldn't. D'ye know what kept me here all the while, Lizzie?" he asked, coming nearer.

Lizzie made no reply. She understood right well why Bob Stewart had remained with old Scott for twenty half-years in succession. Every one wondered why he should be losing himself on that farm, working for half wages, when he might have got his own asking elsewhere. Lizzie alone knew the reason. Bob had worshipped the very ground upon which she trod for twelve long years. And yet, in all that time he had only confessed his love to her on one occasion, and she had preferred Isaac Fawcett to him then. She asked her heart if she did not prefer him still. Bob had never breathed a word of his love since. For ten long years he had led the life of a dog with old Scott on the Knockbeg farm—half-starved at times, and underpaid, and daily abused, for Scott was a confirmed drunkard

and a wastrel who would have been houseless and homeless years before but for the marvellous exertions and watchful care of his servant.

Evening after evening Bob would hurry through his work in order to give Lizzie a hand at foddering the cattle or bringing in the potatoes and water, and feeding the calves. Lizzie's father was an invalid, and all the help they could afford was a day-labourer now and then. Aye, the girl knew right well why Bob remained there all these years. But she did not say a word.

"There's no good in openin' up oul' sores again," he said, meekly, "so I only want to tell ye that Isaac's comin' back."

"Well?" she said again.

"Only this," he replied, "that it must be either him or me now. It must be the wan thing or the other. I'm not cliver or smart," he went on, "but I can see some things all right, and I know somehow that ye hev niver put him out iv your heart. I was hopin' ivery day in all them years that he would get married out there—or——"

"Or what?" she asked.

"Or killed. It didn't matther at-all to me so long as he was out iv the way."

She did not say anything for a few minutes. Then she turned to him. "Couldn't we be frien's as ushual, Bob?"

"Frien's!" he repeated a little scornfully. "Lizzie, ye won't put me off with that nonsense any longer. As I said afore, it must be the wan thing or the other now, when Isaac's comin' back."

"Then—maybe it'll be the other," she snapped, hurt by his tone.

Without another word he turned down the laneway and left her.

II

FOUR days later Bob was in the village seeing the local shipping-agent, and arranging for a passage to New York by the steamer that was to sail next evening. He had already warned Scott to be on the look-out for somebody else.

He was strolling down the little street, and was passing the only hotel in the place when he observed a stranger in the doorway giving directions for a car. That he was a returned Irish-American was only too evident both from his accent and dress.

The Wan Thing Or The Other



"LIZZIE," SAID BOB, "WHAT'S IT TO BE THIS TIME?—WAN THING OR THE OTHER"

The Wan Thing Or The Other

Bob glanced closely at him, and could hardly smother an exclamation. It was Isaac Fawcett.

"Bring round the crazy old car immediately," he was screaming to the driver, who was putting butter-grease on the axle. "Confusion seize you, fellow," he roared, "or what the mischief are you doing there—what confounded yellow stuff are you putting on the thing?"

The man apologised for the delay, and went to bring the horse.

"No wonder this blimed country is so far behind the rest of the world," the returned Yankee went on indignantly, "when folks have to put up with such crazy vehicles as that," pointing with his umbrella at the upturned car. Bob noticed that his fingers were covered with massive gold rings.

When the horse came in sight Bob thought his old rival would have a fit. He cursed like a trooper, called the beast a wretched bundle of bones, and the owner something worse. Then, when he found that there was no other course open to him, he mounted upon the side of the car and was driven off.

Bob turned at once and made for the office of the shipping-agent. His step was light now, and the cloud had lifted from his face.

"I think I'll rue," he said, smiling.

The agent looked at him angrily.

"What do you mean at-all?"

"I hev changed my min' about goin' to Amerikey," he replied.

"Then you'll lose your six pounds four," said the other promptly.

Bob's face fell. "Lose six pounds!" he repeated, half incredulous, "the savin' iv a long year with oul' Scott."

The other referred to a book for a minute or so. "We might be able to get the date altered for a month or so. But I thought——"

Bob cut him short. "Then alther it for as many months as you can," he answered.

* * * *

When Lizzie came down the boren next evening to feed the calves some one was

perched upon the top step of the stile as usual. This was rather a surprise to her, for in the past ten years she had never seen any one there except Bob, and he had gone away now. She laid down the buckets hurriedly and barely escaped overturning them upon the lane.

"Lizzie," said the figure on the steps, "and sure ye wouldn't be takin' me for a ghost?"

"Oh, loa, Bob, is that you? I thought ye had gone off to Amerikey."

"I'm not goin' ather all."

"Not goin'?" she said; "I heard the folks say that ye had gone to the village and booked a passage to New York."

"So I did," he replied, "only I changed my min' at the last minit."

"That'll be an awful loss to ye, Bob."

"Well, maybe it will, and maybe it won't," he answered, coming down from his perch.

"But why in the worl' did ye change your min'?"

"It was Fawcett that did it. I seen him outside the hotel with all his grandeur and his airs and his goold, and sez I to myself, 'Bob, ye jewel, you're in luck, ather all,' sez I. 'He's not the man for Lizzie.'"

There was an awkward pause.

"Did he come up to see ye yet, Lizzie?"

"Yestherday evenin' he did—and——"

"And what?"

"He's terribly changed, Bob."

He came closer. "Lizzie, do ye know why I came up here this evenin'?"

"Maybe ye wanted to give me a han' feedin' the calves."

"Oh, bad cess to the calves, Lizzie. Last time I toul' ye it was to be the wan thing or the other, and you said——"

"Bob!" interrupting him.

"Lizzie!" seizing her hand and drawing her towards him, "which is it to be now?"

"Oh—well—I suppose it'll be the wan thing this time, Bob."

And when some minutes later they crossed the stile into the yellow meadow to feed the calves, Bob had forgotten all about the passage-money that he had earned so hardly and lost so easily.



A NIGHT IN ROWTON HOUSE

BY
FRED
HASTINGS



THE ground was crisp, the trees gaunt, ghostly, and the evening atmosphere chill as I cycled along through Hyde Park to Hammersmith. I wanted to see Rowton House and to stay in it, just for one night. I had heard so much about it from one or two, who came to me for help towards a night's lodging, that I became curious about the place. To have a bed with clean sheets, and the run of splendidly-appointed rooms, for sevenpence seemed impossible. I had no desire to leave my own comfortable house that cold night, but one likes to know how some of the poor fellows fare who wander often in respectable garb and despairing manner along the pavements of the metropolis. Hence I doff all signs of the clerical profession, put on an old grey suit, a pair of boots that show decent patches, and a well-worn bowler.

Getting rid of my cycle, I took my place as an ordinary lodger in a queue, passed in front of the window, put down my sevenpence and received a ticket numbered 263. I was now a temporary Rowtonite, and could scarcely suppress a smile as I said to the clerk a humble "Thank you." Away to the dining-room, then to the smoking-room. I had had a good dinner before entering, but what sort of dinner does a man get in Rowton House for fourpence? I mustered courage to go to the bar and get it, then watched the men who preceded me taking hold of the chained tin vessel with salt and sprinkle it over their meat and potatoes. I found afterwards that it was formerly the custom to put cruet on the table, but the way in which things were wasted led to the withdrawal. The men would empty

the vinegar into their glasses, and mix it with water to drink. This was because they could not afford the aerated waters. I saw how they stuck their knives in the one mustard-pot, but I did not follow their example. The plate was filled with meat and potatoes, enough for a man with a big appetite. I just tasted it and found it very good. That meal gazed at me for a time, then in a tone loud enough to be heard by a man on my right hand, I said, "I can't eat it—no appetite after all."

"Bad as that? Don't be down in the mouth," said the fellow lodger. After a time he said, "Ain't it good?"

"Oh yes, capital beef and potatoes, but I don't want it."

"Shall I eat it for you?"

"Certainly. Perhaps it will do you more good than myself. This is my first night at Rowton House."

"Thought I had not seen you before."

The plateful soon vanished, and the eater became most chatty. "I was brought up in the country, am sorry I ever left it; wish I had a bit of ground to work. I come from Hampshire; I was a groom to — but lost my position, and now have nothing but the duty of washing a cab and going errands, or carrying baggage. I go out first thing and wash that cab. It takes me an hour and a half. I get sixpence a day for that. That I put by first towards my night's lodging, then if I get more than the other penny I use it for a little food, and I am thankful; if I can't get more than the sevenpence I just bear the hunger or tighten the belt. How much do I generally earn? Well, a good day I get

Y Y

A Night in Rowton House

a shilling, but to-day I only got threepence. Hence I had not eaten much. The dinner you did not want was a windfall for me, I tell you."

One man, by whom I sat down in a comfortable arm-chair before a great coke fire, tells me that if I am a new-comer I should get a locker. "It only costs sixpence, and you can keep it as long as you like for that, then when you give up the key you get fivepence back." A locker for years for a penny!

In the smoking-room I sit near a draught-board. "Have a game? Haven't seen you here before."

"No, this is my first acquaintance with such an institution."

"Got down in the world like me, I suppose. Well, can't help it. I was surveyor to a great borough, and I am here. I have played twenty-two games

without food, until two or three sandwiches were given me by my wife who has a situation. I shall go out, breakfastless, on the morrow, to look for employment, and probably get nothing until sandwich time. I am always answering advertisements, but nothing seems to come of it. I get very hard up. Lately I had only sixpence towards my bed. The other penny, whence would it come? I bethought myself of my locker key; I gave it up and got fivepence on that, so I had fourpence to spare, and I waxed fat on it. A friend let me put my tea and sugar in his locker, but for two days I have not seen him, and so I lack my tea. Yes, you can get a tea-pot from the many shelves, and there is plenty of hot water. If you think it does not boil put the tea-pot over the fire, then put in your tea. You can get a farthing's-worth of milk, and you are set up. Be sure you get a halfpenny tablet of soap, you will want it in the morning. They give you good value for your money here."

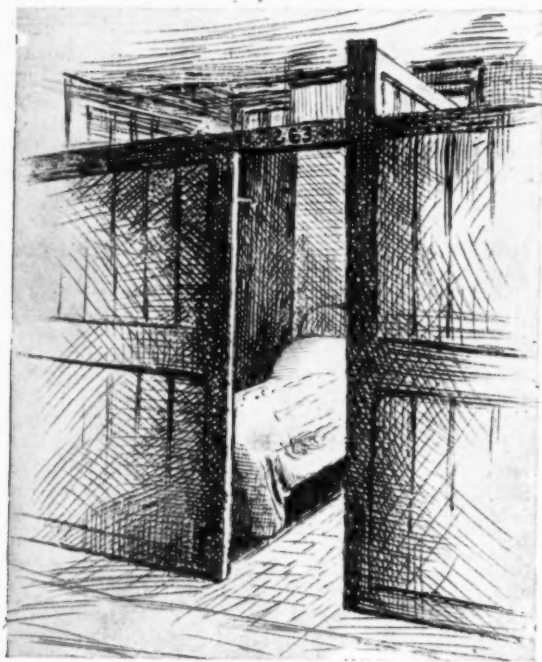
Before I shifted from that poor fellow I whispered, "You will want some breakfast in the morning, have you any money?"

"Not a stiver."

"Here, we may as well go shares. Don't go out to-morrow without a meal." The look of surprise and gratitude, as unseen I slipped a bit of silver into his hand, repaid me for any sort of little self-denial I might have felt in spending that night away from my home.

Over there several men are working hard to finish addressing circulars. A book agent pointed them out to me. He knew them, how long they had been there, and how little they got for such monotonous work. "That old chap near the fire has lived here for years; he has a pension, I think, and always has a good nap by the fire before he goes to bed. That one is a broken-down violinist who had a sort of stroke, went to the hospital, came out, came here, always wears

that tall hat, and keeps a pleasant face however short of the 'rhino.' Those are clerks, the others tramcar men. That is a bath-chair man, and that is a broken-down actor." I began to hear of the tragedies, of the deaths—of the people who



THE AUTHOR'S CUBICLE

From a sketch by himself.

to-night just to kill time." He could play well.

Another who was near to me by the fire was a musician. His former prosperity made his present state painful to him by force of contrast. "I have been all day

A Night in Rowton House

would take drink, of those who were killed by it, of the fight over some money lost at dominoes, and of how the manager had prohibited, after a bitter fight, all cards or anything that would lead to gambling. "Draughts and chess are games of skill, so they are allowed. We play draughts chiefly on Sundays. My word, but we get splendid dinners on Sundays, and so reasonable! Couldn't want better steakpies or cuts from joints than you get here. Wait, and you'll see. What, you think you won't be here? Well, you'll find a worse place perhaps."

I had a chat with a man who seemed mechanical, and who was busy at mending a lock, and congratulated him on having something to do.

"Yes, we are all the better for something to do in a weary world."

"Lights out, gentlemen, it is eleven o'clock," cries the porter as he just at that moment enters to turn out the gas.

There is a stampede at once; some go to bed, others into another large room which is allowed to remain open until twelve. The iron gate at the stairway is only open every quarter of an hour. I wait till midnight, then file past the porter and get my ticket stamped. That ticket I retain

as a temporary Rowtonite. I learn that I can be sure of being called at a certain hour for a halfpenny; but I want to sleep as long as I can, so I save my halfpenny.

My cubicle is scrupulously clean and furnished with a chair and a few pegs. A window easily opened lets in a little air, but I soon close it as the place is well ventilated.

I could not easily sleep. Here I was one of almost eight hundred under that roof that night, I was Number 263. I fancied I was a sort of prisoner, only I knew I could escape at any time. One man in a near cubicle had a bad cough, but another had a big snore which was far worse. That snorer made night hideous. It kept me awake for a time. Still Morpheus was

kind and helped one to ignore trifling annoyances. The blankets were thick, and the iron camp-bed, with its wire springs and horse-hair mattress, was comfortable. Alas, the pillow was rather harder than the one at home; but I reflected that it was



A ROWTON HOUSE "SNOOZER"

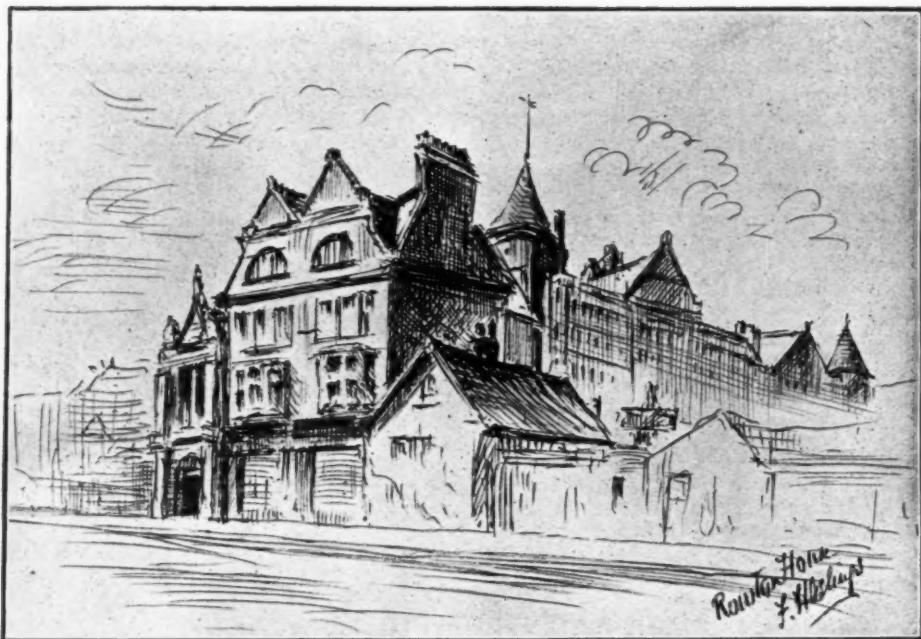
He has a pension and has lived here for years.

Drawn by the author.

wonderful that a man could have so much comfort for sevenpence! Then it seems that the pillows are of horse-hair so that they can the more easily be regularly subjected—for sanitary reasons—to disinfection by a steaming process.

I called to mind one who had once occupied a prominent position in a Christian church over which I had presided. One remembered watching his gradual yielding to drink in spite of all entreaties; then the wife's sadness, her struggles to keep the business together, the sale of the place, and the scattering of a family. Then I recalled his frequent cadgings and promises of amendment. While in Rowton House I learned that at last he went to the hop-gardens, and that he had been found in a

A Night in Rowton House



field dead. He had probably lain down to sleep off the effects of drink, but had passed to another world.

What a boon is such a shelter as this Rowton House for men. Lord Rowton did a really good work. He took the greatest interest in the place, visited it often. None knew when he would come. Said one, "The price was raised a penny after his death, just to keep out, they say, more of the undesirables."

The servants' quarters are completely shut off from the lodgers', and are very comfortable. The head-porter, a gigantic ex-soldier, led me over the place. They want a man like him to keep order sometimes. Everywhere cleanliness reigned, and the parti-coloured tiles—cream and chocolate, or green and white—make the place attractive. Plenty of easy arm-chairs were about, so that comfort was prepared for the downcast. A true haven of rest this must be for many who form the flotsam of humanity.

I wandered outside to see the size of the place; it was like an American hotel for vastness. Inside the passages seemed long enough to need a tramway down them. On an average 750 men sleep here all the year round.

The Company has several other institutes of a similar character: one at Vauxhall, another at King's Cross, another at Whitechapel, another at Newington Butts. This last had 800 beds at first, and has enlarged to 1000. A new one has just been opened at Camden Town to accommodate 1150 sleepers. The takings of the whole are generally more than a thousand pounds a week, and they will soon be much more.

That such an institution is a payable concern is a matter of satisfaction. There is less abuse here than there would be if it were a mere charitable institution. Mr. John Burns, the Member for Battersea, is said to look with disfavour on these places because men can live so comfortably and with so little responsibility that they do not seek to get married. There may be something in his objection, but for the major part of those using these hotels it is a fortunate thing probably for the country that they do not get married, and leave offspring to be supported by ratepayers who are already heavily burdened in life.

In the morning I scampered home, had a bath, a hearty breakfast, and was thankful to look back over a temporary sojourn in one of London's vast hotels for working men.

Theodore Roosevelt

THE HARD-WORKED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

BY MARY SPENCER WARREN

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is the hard-working head of a proverbially hard-working people; a man who takes life earnestly and his duties seriously, bringing to bear on all things reason, justice, and common-sense; using his great powers with a strength and determination which win for him the respect of all persons, even of those who do not agree with him on questions at issue. Mr. Roosevelt, in fact, wields a great personal influence over the people, and is the sort of man who could—if he choose—set the world by the ears. At the same time, his instincts are for peace, as witness what he has done to establish a good understanding with foreign Governments, and to advance arbitration. He is, in short, a "Rough Rider" President, who is also an apostle of peace and international concord. It is not outside the bounds of hope or possibility that he will one day wage war

against the influence in politics of the Trusts and one or two other patent evils; but this will be "within the gates," and not add to the discord of nations.

That Mr. Roosevelt can speak his mind when there is an evil to remove or a remedy to apply, the citizens of the States know right well. He has held offices of State before, and has fearlessly grappled with any abuses he has come across; as witness the sweeping reforms he introduced as Civil Service Commissioner, making a great onslaught against the prevalent corruption and official tardiness. Said he in one speech of that period, "There are two gospels I always want to preach, the first is the gospel of morality, the next is the gospel of efficiency"—going on significantly, "criticism is a good thing, but work is always a better thing." President Roosevelt is, and always has been, a worker



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY. THE PRESIDENT IS NOTED FOR HIS DOMESTIC TASTES

Theodore Roosevelt

—a man of deeds as well as words; a man of resolute action as well as of proved capacity and integrity. Yet as a boy he was delicate, and, truth to tell, rather backward; educated at home because not strong enough for a public school, and even when he entered Harvard University as a young man, giving very little promise of the muscular, healthy manhood to which he has attained.

Much has been written about Mr. Roosevelt, and the average reader is therefore

the outbreak of the Cuban war he joined with Colonel Wood in raising a regiment, officially called the First United States Cavalry Volunteers, but popularly called "Roosevelt's Rough Riders." The regiment played a conspicuous part at Las Quasimas—earning for Roosevelt his Colonelcy, and afterwards much distinguished itself at San Juan. The greater part of the regiment was really composed of college students, ex-New York policemen, Civil Service employees, sportsmen and cowboys, as



THE ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES CABINET MEETS. NOTICE THE REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY OF THE FURNITURE AND THE ABSENCE OF PICTURES AND ORNAMENTS

tolerably familiar with his career, which may be disposed of here in a few words. Born in the family mansion near New York City in 1858, he graduated at Harvard at the age of twenty-two, then came to Europe for a year's travel. In 1882 he went into politics, becoming the youngest member of the New York Legislature; was rejected as a member at an election three years later, then went out West to a cattle ranch. In 1889 he again took up his political career, being subsequently appointed a Civil Service Commissioner. On

well as a number of exclusive clubmen, all of whom had previously come in contact with their chosen commander, and trusted him thoroughly.

When the war was over Roosevelt was elected Governor of New York State. He was subsequently nominated Vice-President, and became President in statutory order on the assassination of Mr. McKinley almost at the beginning of his second term. At the end of that term President Roosevelt stood for re-election, being confirmed in his position by the preponderance of the

Republican vote. The words of one of the best-known Senators and public speakers concerning the President just prior to the recent election may well be quoted as showing the popular opinion. "We have never had a better President or a better administration. I have known all our Presidents somewhat intimately since Abraham Lincoln, and I say without hesitation that we have never had a President who has been more conscientious in enforcing the law than Theodore Roosevelt. The law has been enforced against the rich and the poor, against friend or foe, without fear or favour. His ways are democratic; his sympathies are with the people; he is honest, frank, fearless, and able."

Americans are outspoken in their opinions, and many assert that Mr. Roosevelt has often said foolish things, and has reckless impulses, but possibly they may have had in their minds his strong espousal of the coloured race rights—an espousal that un-



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER.
RUMOUR HAS ENGAGED HER TO A PRINCE OF
A EUROPEAN ROYAL HOUSE!

deniably has given great offence in some of the States—or his dictum on domestic matters, which some say are outside his province. Be that as it may, the utterances of the President are generally marked by sterling good sense and sound reasoning, and show a determination to give the country the best administration he is capable of.

To hold such an exalted office is a remarkable record for a man only forty-six years of age, and the performance of the duties to the satisfaction of the many millions of the country's citizens is

an achievement to be proud of. Glance for one moment at the immense power vested in this man of the people's choice. As President he is the head of the Executive of the States, and the only member of that body who reaches his position by election, the appointment of all others being either in his hands or regulated by law. He has power to make treaties and to appoint ambassadors and consuls. He may convene one or both Houses in Special Session, and



THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT

Theodore Roosevelt

should the Houses disagree as to time of adjournment, he may adjourn them to such time as he thinks fit. Every bill which passes Congress must have his signature ere it becomes law. He sends a speech to Congress recommending measures for consideration, and giving information on subjects of importance to the country. He has the power to grant reprieves and pardons for offences against the United States, and he is also Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and of the Militia when on actual service.

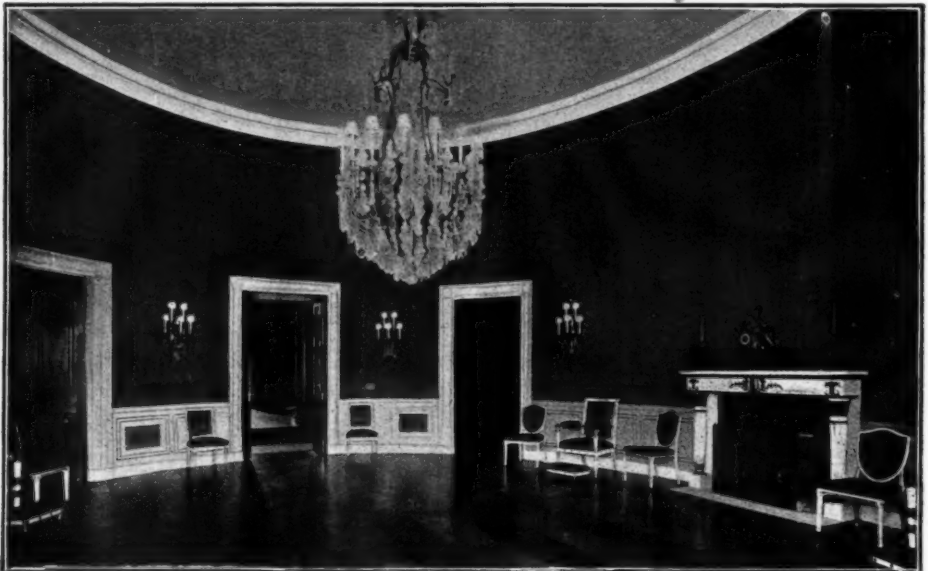
In addition to undoubted ability, a necessary qualification for a candidate to the Presidentship is that he be a natural-born citizen of the States, and not under thirty-six years of age. A condition of office is that he must not receive pay from any source beyond the Presidential salary—private fortune of course does not count; and the inclusion of a President's name on a board of directors, or in any trust or company, is entirely prohibited.

The President's official residence is known as White House, and stands in the best quarter of Washington. Until a comparatively recent period accommodation within was somewhat cramped, so many of the rooms having to be used for offices; but the addition of a wing has made the

residence of more suitable dimensions for the multifarious use to which it has to be put. The salary of £10,000 attached to the position looks large on paper, but as a matter of fact it is inadequate to the demands upon it. Of course White House is suitably furnished, even linen being included. The plate-pantry shows a magnificent collection of services and pieces, and there is an abundance of exquisite china. The conservatories are always replete with a choice collection of flowers, these being supplemented by a vast number brought hither from the Propagating Gardens about a mile away.

Music is furnished by Army and Navy bands for all dinners and entertainments, and the Government also see that the stables are fully equipped, and the President can at any time request the services of a naval boat if he desires a cruise. Secretaries are attached to the household, and stationery, stamps, and typewriters are also provided. At the same time all domestic servants are in the pay and keep of the President, and all catering expenses have also to be met by him.

It is, and always has been at White House, a moot question how to properly receive foreign celebrities without upsetting the democratic ideas of Americans. One



THE BLUE ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WHERE THE PRESIDENT HOLDS HIS PUBLIC RECEPTIONS. ANY CITIZEN MAY ATTEND THESE FUNCTIONS, PROVIDED HE IS OF "CLEAN AND DECENT APPEARANCE"

Theodore Roosevelt

class will violently denounce all monarchical tendencies, and should the President even put his servants into



an immense amount of the affairs of the country to grapple with, but he is also an omnivorous reader of solid works, and a capable writer; and he keeps up a large correspondence with former friends in and out of office.



THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, "THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT" OF THE UNITED STATES

livery it would give very great offence, while another class will criticise lack of exclusiveness. Nobody likes to be prohibited from attending a reception, but there are always plenty of people who have an opinion that so-and-so ought not to have been admitted, or that the President chooses strange friends. It is a most difficult thing to hold an even course amidst such diverse opinions, and to feel that certain things must be done simply because they always have been done; but this sort of thing is inseparable from the White House system.

The actual family life at White House is entirely free from any ostentation, and the President and Mrs. Roosevelt as far as possible strive to keep official and family life distinct from each other; this, as they themselves say, "more especially for the sake of the children." There is nothing that they are more averse to than the recording by the press of every little school success or athletic feat of any of the youthful members of their family, and the latter are not often present at social affairs, as is customary with most American children. The Roosevelts are all early risers, and when I was in Washington I saw the President and his boys one morning returning from a long walk before 9 o'clock. Mr. Roosevelt is often in his office, which adjoins the cabinet room, by 7 o'clock in the morning; for it is not only that he has

While Mr. Roosevelt is the head of the State, he is yet relieved from any personal attendance at the Capitol, which, by the way, is one of the finest buildings in the world. The House of Congress, in fact, is presided over by the vice-president, who is a sort of under-study of the President, and a man who in accordance with the Constitution takes the President's office in an emergency. Nevertheless, as has already been pointed out, the actual business of the House comes before the President, and Roosevelt is too keen a man of business, and too conscientious to affix his signature to anything of which he has not mastered the details.

The number of people President Roosevelt is called upon to see cannot be recorded. Candidates for offices, requests and petitions of all sorts, necessary business with holders of office, people with grievances and people with ideas, together with influential persons who are doing or wanting to do something to further the advance of Americans generally—all these make up a sum total of callers which must prove a tremendous tax, mental and physical, upon even such a remarkable man as Theodore Roosevelt.

Then of course there are the numerous receptions—diplomatic, judicial, service, Congress and public; and what may be termed the State dinners for all but the

Theodore Roosevelt

last. Fifteen hours was given me at White House as the President's average working day, this not including the time spent for meals.

There is much the same formula used at all receptions, with the exception that those for distinguished officials are given at 9 in the evening, while the public receptions begin at 11 A.M. Punctually to time the President, vice-president, and members of the Cabinet, all accompanied by their wives and preceded by groups of officers in full uniform, take up their



position in the Blue Room, and form in line, with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt standing well in the front. The guests then pass through, each one being named by the secretary. The President shakes hands with every guest, Mrs. Roosevelt merely bowing. Every one has the right to appear at a public reception, whether he be white or black, merchant prince or ordinary street messenger; the only conditions are that he must be a citizen, and must be of clean and decent appearance.

THE PRESIDENT ENJOYING A LEISURE
MOMENT IN HIS GARDEN



THE GREEN ROOM, ONE OF THE MOST HANDSOME APARTMENTS IN THE WHITE HOUSE. THE LARGE
PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IS THE MOST CONSPICUOUS FEATURE OF THE ROOM



The Deceiver



BY LESLIE KEITH

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

THE central character of this charming story is Maisie Kingdon, a woman of impressive beauty, but rather cold demeanour. She was the second wife of Harry Kingdon who had died on the shores of the Caribbean Sea, Mexico. His first wife, Maimie Moore, had run away from home to marry him, much to the anger of her mother, Mrs. Moore, and had died abroad, leaving one child, a sweet, beautiful girl, unfortunately born blind. Mrs. Moore is now dead also, and by her will has directed that her fortune, £150,000, shall go to her daughter Maimie. If, however, Maimie is dead, or cannot be found, the money is to pass to Peggy Brandon, Mrs. Moore's niece, a tall, handsome, noble-hearted girl. At the time of Mrs. Moore's death, no news had reached the home country concerning the fate of her daughter, and nothing whatever is known about Harry Kingdon's second marriage.

An advertisement is inserted in the newspapers relating to the first wife of Harry Kingdon, and the immense fortune to which she has become entitled. Maisie Kingdon, who is now living in New Orleans, in circumstances of distress, resolves to personate her dead husband's first wife, and claim the money. Captain Larry Fogo, the skipper of the *Anna*, and an old friend of Harry Kingdon, pays for her passage, and so with her little blind step-daughter, whom she loves devotedly, she proceeds to England. She justifies her conduct to herself by saying that it is in the interest of little Maisie, who should be the rightful heir, that she is acting. Further, she proposes to hand over a considerable portion of the fortune to Peggy Brandon, to reserve the bulk of it for the little girl, and only to employ on herself what is absolutely necessary for her comfort.

Mrs. Kingdon is very kindly received, on her arrival in England, by Miss Brandon and her mother. The family solicitor, Mr. Sim, is at first rather sharp and suspicious in his manner towards her, but by the production of various papers she convinces him that she is the rightful heir.

Among the people with whom she is thrown into contact is Verney Drake, a fine young fellow who lodges with Mrs. Brandon, and is trying to earn a living by literature. He has just sacrificed his inheritance of £40,000 in order that his worthless brother Oliver, who is a banker, and has been guilty of embezzling trust funds, may not be brought to shame and ruin. No one but Oliver and his wife know anything of this act of splendid renunciation on the part of the latter. Verney and Mrs. Kingdon regard each other in a friendly spirit.

We are also introduced to George Herrison, a famous war correspondent, a clever but rather cynical man, a cousin of Mrs. Oliver Drake. He has been in New Orleans, and for some reason or other entertains feelings of suspicion towards Mrs. Kingdon, and they conceive a mutual aversion. Herrison by stratagem finds out the address of Captain Fogo, with a view of pursuing inquiries about her. Herrison is a devoted admirer of Peggy Brandon, and has resolved to win her for his wife. Peggy, however, does not exhibit any fondness for him, and it almost seems more likely that Verney and she will become lovers.

CHAPTER XXII

THE VISIT TO THE SPECIALIST

"LET us go round by the church," said Maisie suddenly; "it's scarcely any further."

Verney acquiesced willingly. The thought of meeting Herrison—perhaps triumphant—was galling to him. "If she throws herself away on him—" he was thinking, and there his imagination halted. He could not picture Peggy willingly lending an ear to such a lover.

He glanced at Maisie and saw that her face was pale, her mouth set. She caught the look.

"I hate that man," she said, with bitter emphasis.

"Why?" he asked, wondering if her dislike was based on the same ground as his.

"Oh, never ask a woman for a reason!" she retorted more lightly. "Nine times out of ten she won't be able to give you the right one, and the tenth time she won't be willing! We've a sense you men lack—we form our likes and dislikes by it."

"I hope all women have it," he murmured.

"Oh, yes! Peggy has." She smiled maliciously.

When they got to Sevastopol Terrace—the little house was built in Crimean days—Herrison was gone, and Peggy had disappeared up-stairs; but Sim awaited Mrs. Kingdon in the drawing-room.

The young lawyer looked rather glum, his upper-lip drawn down. He had been standing idly behind the lace curtain awaiting Mrs. Kingdon's return, and instead he had witnessed Peggy's home-coming. Now, though Sim had never entertained any real hope of winning Peggy for himself, he was quite as strongly opposed as Verney Drake to her yielding to Herrison. And there was that in Herrison's look as he bade good-bye at the gate to the half-laughing, half-disdainful girl which said that he meant to force her consent in the end. Sim had seen that curious hardening of his fat, insignificant face before, and he knew what it betokened. Herrison had had the reputation of being the most obstinate boy at Charterhouse, and he had proved, over and over again, that for once popular opinion was right in its judgment.

Maisie breathed a sigh of relief as she glanced round the room and saw that the lawyer was the only occupant.

"I was afraid there was company," she said.

"Mrs. Brandon has gone up-stairs. She guessed that I came for a little business talk."

Her expression grew slightly anxious.

"Not bad news, I hope? You haven't heard from—New Orleans?"

"No," he replied, surprised, and wondering what she expected him to have heard from that quarter.

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"The news of your good fortune hasn't travelled there yet perhaps; no one, at least, has put in a claim to share it."

"No one has any right," she said indifferently; "I was too poor to be in debt."

"You'll find that there will be claims, even without the rights. You'll presently be inundated with appeals."

"Then you must help me to answer them," she smiled. "Was it this you came to warn me about?"

"No, I came to tell you that I have entirely failed to induce Mrs. and Miss Brandon to do as you wish."

"You mean—they won't take any of the money?"

"No."

She looked vexed. "I think they are very foolish."

"They are very grateful, but——"

"But they are also very proud," she broke in; "and I'm a stranger, for all their efforts to imagine I'm one of the family. Don't trouble to—apologise for them, but tell me what I'm to do."

"If you don't want to stay here——"

"Of course I don't—now less than ever. They can't expect me to take from them if they won't accept even a fraction from me. But of course I must pay them back somehow."

"They don't at all look for payment, I venture to think," he said, inwardly pronouncing her words and manner in rather bad taste.

"But I'm thinking of *my* feelings! I've decided to go away somewhere soon"—the resolve was made on the instant. "To the sea, probably. Would they come to me on a visit?"

"I should think there would be no objection to that," said Sim, in his cautious manner. "What Mrs. Brandon declined was an income. She prefers to be independent, and she assures me she and her daughter have enough to live on quietly."

"Well, a few weeks at the sea need put them under no obligation. Is Brighton nice?"

"Quite select at this season, and very bracing and lively. The sea-front is one of the gayest scenes in England."

"It sounds very different from our sea," she said, and her face lightened. "We'll go there if it is likely to suit my little girl. I must consult a doctor first. I suppose it would be easy to get rooms?"

"It would be easy for you to get the best

rooms anywhere, Mrs. Kingdon, or there is a large choice of hotels if you prefer that way of life. You would be comfortable at the Metropole, and you would see rather an amusing side of life."

"Then we'll go there, if the doctor consents. It will be a novelty to take a humorous view of existence! Would you help me presently about securing accommodation? I'll let you know when we are ready to go. There must be a private sitting-room, and a couple of extra bedrooms besides the two we shall occupy. I'm getting a maid to look after Maisie's clothes. And when you've helped to settle us comfortably, you must run down and pay us a little visit, Mr. Sim. I want to have my few English friends round me when I start independently."

"Thank you! I'll certainly look you up," he said, with an accent of pleasure, hoping his visit might coincide with Peggy's. "You'll get on all right, with the minimum of trouble and the maximum of comfort, at the Metropole. Indeed, if you don't care for the worry of housekeeping, you might find hotel life in London an easy solution on your return."

"I will think about it. It must be what is best for Maisie that decides the question. For myself, I certainly don't like housekeeping. The trouble of ordering a daily chop and going down on your bended knees to get a woman to cook it is almost greater than the trouble of eating it."

"You can happily escape all the preliminary part, and with the appetite the Brighton sea will give you, you'll find eating exalted into a pleasure. Let me know when you want to go, and I'll arrange everything for you."

He went away thinking on what easy wheels life rolls for the rich. Maisie thought of it too, as she picked up her veil and hat-pin and went up-stairs, but it was with no thrill of exaltation.

"I'll ask Mr. Drake down and give him a chance," she decided, and that alone gave the Brighton scheme any favour in her eyes—that and the health that might flow to her child.

A day or two later Drake gave her the name of a specialist on the eyes who had been strongly recommended to him. Maisie took Mrs. Brandon into her confidence, but not until the last moment, when it occurred to her that the omission might seem curious and unfriendly; and Mrs. Brandon, who

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had one of her frequent colds, was greatly distressed that she was debarred from going with mother and child on the anxious mission.

"Won't you let me tell Peggy?" she begged. "A telegram would reach her, and she could meet you at Harley Street."

Maisie opened her eyes, and there was a little gleam of satisfaction in their cold blue deeps that she could so easily negative this suggestion.

"There isn't the smallest need to tear Peggy from her work, and indeed I couldn't think of such a thing," she said decidedly. "Mr. Drake is good enough to say he'll go with me, and since he has seen Dr. Latrobe already he will be better than any one else."

"But a woman," Mrs. Brandon urged, prone herself, since her husband's death, to lean on daughterly counsel. "You might find one of your own sex a comfort, dear."

"Then it would be the first time!" said

Maisie, with her hard smile. "I'm not much used to women, you know; and I think, if it were necessary, I'd rather have my courage supported by a man; but I'm making this appointment simply that nothing possible may be left undone; and as I'm sure of the result beforehand, there's nothing to fear."

Mrs. Brandon put her hand very tenderly on the little girl's head; her heart was moved within her, for to her simple faith the age of miracles was not yet over and gone, and He who walked this world opening eyes sealed to all its beauty might to-day too give the priceless boon of sight to this little one; but Maisie drew the child apart rather sharply as she tied on the pretty white bonnet.

"I know you won't mind my saying it, but please don't kiss her; you might give her your cold, you know. She's so susceptible."

"I will pray for you both," whispered



LITTLE MAISIE WENT WILLINGLY TO THE STRANGER, BUT THE GREAT SPECIALIST COULD HOLD OUT NO HOPE THAT HER SIGHT WOULD EVER BE RESTORED

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Mrs. Brandon, with unquenched love in her dark eyes.

Drake was waiting by the cab outside, and he saw that Maisie was nervously disturbed in spite of her effort at control. She cast a glance down the street and saw little Verney bowling a hoop upon the pavement, put on his honour not to pass the third lamp-post.

"Do let us get away," she said. "I'm afraid your little nephew will upset my baby by wanting to come too."

"We'll circumvent that by going the other way."

He gave directions to the man, and got in beside her. Maisie sat up very straight, her arms about the child, and it was only Drake who looked back and saw the tall, silver-haired figure standing by the window, a little white shawl about her shoulders, her dark eyes following their outset wistfully.

Dr. Latrobe's consulting-room was one of the best filled in London, for he had not only a great and deserved reputation as one well skilled in all diseases of the sight, but he was known to be a man of unfailing compassion, patience and pity. In and out of those rooms in the narrow street where at one door or another thousands yearly emerge from hearing the sentence of fate, many feet came and went, some blithely, some stumblingly; many pale, expressive faces groped dimly for a ray of hope from his, many voices were raised in anxious inquiry and entreaty, and he rarely failed to send even the most despairing away comforted, for he was a psychologist out of pity, which is understanding.

His brindled hair, dark, thoughtful eyes, and quiet, composed expression inspired Maisie in her strung-up mood with confidence. She went into the room alone with the child; not even the presence of Verney, whom she trusted and liked, could she bear at this crisis. Little Maisie, with the child's unerring knowledge of whom to trust, went willingly to the stranger, who seated her on his knees with fatherly gentleness.

"I have little ones of my own," he said with a smile, and Maisie's restless hands fell contentedly at her side.

His examination was careful and conscientious, and little Maisie submitted to it with the patience that was part of her subdued, shadowed nature.

He asked the mother a few questions, his quiet glance meeting the scrutiny of her anxious eyes.

"No, there was no shock, no trouble of any kind before her birth. And I have always been quite strong. We were poor, but we were happy, and times were improving. The trouble has all been since."

"And you know of no family history—no inherited tendency?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know much of my husband's family—we were two lonely people, long apart from any relations in England, our married life spent abroad—but I never heard him speak of any case of blindness. As for myself, I can't go far back in my pedigree, but I just dimly remember my grandparents, and there was certainly nothing wrong with *their* sight. It was a great shock to us when we finally became sure, for we were almost certain that for the first months of her life our baby did see."

"It is a mistake you might easily make."

"You think she—didn't?"

His look answered her, though he said kindly—

"A doctor, of all men, daren't dogmatise. No one could quite finally pronounce without having seen the case from the first; but I lean to the view that you were mistaken."

"Then——?"

Her mouth was tormented with a sudden quivering; two spots of brilliant colour burned on her thin cheek-bones; her hard eyes demanded his reply.

"I fear not," he said, understanding her and speaking with grave gentleness. "But don't accept my verdict as quite final. There are men in Germany who have done much more wonderful things than we can yet achieve. Perhaps one of them might see more room for hope than I do."

"Oh, I don't want to consult any one else; it's no use; I knew it all along. And—and—you'll think it strange—you'll not believe me—but—I'm glad we were mistaken when we thought she saw."

He was used to the many strange guises which emotion wears, but her outburst certainly surprised him. There was a light of relief in her eyes which was not feigned.

"She must—if you were right—have suffered the loss too soon to know of the deprivation," he said, trying to follow her thought.

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"Who can tell how soon the mind may receive an indelible impression?" she asked bitterly. "She might have remembered her father's deathbed. I'm glad God shut her eyes to that." Then the hardness broke, and her eyes brimmed. Her voice had a pathetic quiver as she said—

"He used to say—if we had only a little money, we might do something for her, and now—there's heaps and heaps of money—far more than we can use, and I'm alone, and I can do nothing."

"A mother may do almost everything," he said, with earnest sympathy, opposing a strong calm to her excitement; "no one in the world has such power given into her hands—it is almost boundless in its uses for good. And don't imagine that this little life must necessarily be dull and melancholy; some of the serenest, most steadfastly contented souls I have known have seen nothing of this world's glory; perhaps—who can tell?—they are sustained by visions far fairer than any we think they lose." He did not tell her what he feared as he looked with inward compassion at the fragile little blossom on his lap, that she would never live to know her lack; but busied himself, with a return to practical cheerfulness, in prescribing diet and tonic.

"By all means take her to the sea," he said, in answer to her question. "Brighton will do very well. Keep her much in the sunshine and fresh air, but avoid excitement and fatigue. If there is any little playmate she cares for, encourage the intimacy."

When she returned to the ante-room where Drake was awaiting her, he looked eagerly into her eyes, but he read no clear shining of hope there.

She turned her head away and said, with nervous abruptness—

"She has only her mother left. He told me how much I could do. I'll live for that."

Verney's sympathy was silent, but she felt it pulsate towards her as they sat opposite each other in the cab and said no word.

They had almost reached home when she put it to a sudden test.

"Dr. Latrobe said Maisie ought to have a little companion. Do you think—if you asked her—your sister-in-law would allow little Verney to go with us to the sea?"

He divined what it cost her—in her fierce maternal jealousy—to ask this, and

he had a shrewd notion that Grania's consent—if she gave it—would not be gracious; but he was sorry for her and for the little one condemned to darkness, and he promised to use his influence.

Grania's reply to his letter was characteristic.

"If any one else asked such a thing of me, I should very promptly say no," she wrote; "but you have made it difficult for Oliver and me to refuse you anything you ask, Verney. To the very utmost of my possessions I'm in your debt, so I'm giving you my dearest possession of all, my little son. But mind, I'm making the surrender to *you*! Somehow I don't trust that woman, and I've a struggle not to dislike her. Don't ask me why; it's a feminine case of Dr. Fell—the reason why, I cannot tell—but the feeling is there—deep-rooted. It doesn't extend to the poor blind mite though, and if my gallant little son can bring any brightness into her life he shall. You don't know how virtuous and self-sacrificing and good I feel! I only hope it will hold out over Boy's visit! I suppose Mrs. Kingdon can be trusted to see to his flannels and socks, and that he doesn't get wet feet, and has plain things to eat? If an indulgent uncle could run down now and then and report, it would be such a comfort to an anxious mother. If you are too deep in the book, Oliver must take me to Brighton; but we are as busy as bees with Yew Tree Cottage. It's the darlinest little place, and Oliver is quite interested and happy about our flitting. He's moving the books himself—I can't candidly say it's a great help, for Miss Moore and the maids and I have to stop what we're doing, and stand and admire as each book finds its niche; but it occupies his evenings and pleases him, and that pleases me.

"I tell him we shall have our honeymoon over again in that little bower! There are roses enough, and a full choir of nightingales to teach us the way."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE ARMOUR OF LOVE

MAISIE had been a fortnight at Brighton and her invited guests had not yet visited her. Peggy wrote that she could not leave her work, but hoped to be free before the end of July, and to

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bring her mother. They were both greatly counting on the visit, for the little house in Sevastopol Terrace was very airless in these hot days.

Maisie threw aside the note, sent a telegram—"Come as soon as you can"—and then let the matter fade from her mind. The Brandons, though they had been so good to her, had no grip upon her thoughts. During all the weeks she had spent under their roof she had not once asked what "work" it was that took Peggy forth in the morning, that hindered her from making holiday when she would; her interest in the bright and charming girl ceased the moment she was out of sight. Maisie was not without some perception of the blight upon her own nature; there were moments when she realised that she was a selfish, self-absorbed woman, cold to everything outside the narrow circle of her own needs; but her consciousness of impotence never became an impulse to break through. She had pledged her whole power of loving, and nothing was left to give.

Verney Drake had run down for a brief hour one afternoon, and brought a little breeze into the stagnation of her life. He had come avowedly as Grania's messenger to report upon little Verney's well-being, and was too busy to remain for a meal; but their walk upon the beach stirred her momentarily from her morbid fatigue. She drew him on to talk of the books he had read, and felt that she was being led into a world which possessed for her neither regrets nor memories—a world where she was not at home except under his guidance.

"You remind me of the only friend I ever had—my husband's friend too," she said; "and yet I don't suppose he has so much as heard the name of one of the books you have been talking of."

"Perhaps there's a more fundamental likeness," he smiled; "the love of books is only like a fashion of dress—something we put on."

"It's because you both inspire a person with trust," she said, with conviction. "If that's an extraneous adornment too, please don't discard it."

"It shall clothe me like a garment," he said, laughing. "You may rely on me to give a true and veracious account of Boy to his mother. He looks very well."

They both turned and glanced at the children being led in a goat-carriage along the promenade. Boy held the reins and

made a proud show of being master; the little girl's small face palely and timidly reflected his pleasure. Maisie had only eyes for that small face; and her own, as always, reflected the emotions it awoke.

"Come again," she said, as he bade her good-bye; and then relenting and willing to give him a pleasure—"Come when the Brandons are here."

The light travelled to his face now, and he took it with him as he hastened away. Maisie felt the grey afternoon close about her. She hurried the children in, for the sun was retiring behind a spreading curtain of cloud and the sea was beginning to heave uneasily in waves of molten lead.

In the vestibule of the hotel there were hovering attendants, deferentially anxious to help her. A lady who could spend with the careless indifference she showed is always sure of abundant attention. Her rooms were the most luxurious in the house. A soft-footed waiter preceded her up the thickly-carpeted stair to turn on the electric light. Another followed with tea. She ordered a fire, fearful lest little Maisie might contract a chill; and instantly it spluttered and crackled in the grate. The blinds were drawn, though it was still quite light; and with the sea, which she hated in its restless moods, shut out, she was able to devote herself to the children.

All her tenderest cares were for Maisie; Boy she suffered with a kind of grudging affection because he made Maisie often smile. She cared for him most when Maisie sat contentedly within the circle of her arms, her flaxen head against her own beating heart, while Boy ministered to their amusement from the woolly depths of the white hearthrug. That was his place—at Maisie's little feet; his mission, her pleasure; she saw that he was a handsome little fellow then, and she stuffed him with the cakes ordered for him. She was always conscientiously kind to him and careful of him, and spoil him with over many presents; but it was only the care she would have given to any toy that Maisie prized.

At six o'clock she rang for the nurse, and both she and Maisie kissed the little boy, who went reluctantly—yet not daring to rebel—to his own small bed beside the big bed where Anne slept. He could never understand why Maisie should have a nurse and yet sleep with her mother. Anne was not *his* nurse. Yet she did all his difficult

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buttons and gave him his bath, and heard him say his prayers. He once confided his perplexity to the girl herself.

"Why are you *my* nurse and not Maisie's?"

"Because you're the visitor," she answered promptly.

Verney pondered.

"Then when Maisie comes to stay with me Kate will be *her* nurse?"

"Bless you, Master Verney, Miss Maisie will never go to stay with you; her mamma wouldn't let the poor lamb half-a-minute out of her sight."

"I know—because she's blind." He screwed up his eyes. "It's horrid to be in the dark." He bounced them open again. "Will she always have her eyes shut inside?"

"I don't know, dearie; perhaps God will open them some day."

"I'll ask Him to; perhaps when we waken up to-morrow she'll see me," he said, with the faith which had not yet learned to doubt, and burrowed his curls against Anne's stiff alpaca bodice to do it there and then. The kind girl heard many strange petitions from those innocent lips—for cats and dogs, pigeons, and a lame rabbit, and to-night for the little child she was engaged to serve but never allowed to pity or to love.

Maisie's worst hours were those when the children left her. She moved wearily in the bondage of her riches; not for a moment did they give her any pleasure. She had no sybarite side to her nature; money, except to minister to the good of those she loved, never attracted her; she had had a rough, unsheltered girlhood, but marriage, while it brought her little increase of material comfort, satisfied every need of her being; to live passionately was all she asked; had she been happy enough to see her husband alive and well still at her side, she would have asked no greater boon than to be permitted to the end of her days to toil for him and spend herself in his service.

And since all true love has a spark of the divine fire in it, and we can never truly feel what we can never be, Maisie was not wholly bad. The shock of Henry Kingdon's death set the pendulum swinging, and from such reaction there is sometimes no recovery. She was still working, as she believed, in her husband's interest when she sailed for England to claim the money she was persuaded should have been his;

but its possession gave her an unutterable sense of weariness and distaste.

The luxury of her environment oppressed her; she had no appreciation of the rich food, the soft draperies; the blaring music which seemed to contribute to the gaiety of the other guests set her nerves jangling; the fussing attentions bestowed on her by servants filled her with impatience.

She longed often for the old strenuous days in New Orleans when her fingers were busy from morning to night, so that even grief had to give way to the need of making bread; if the smirking composition doll could spring up upon her table, surrounded with all the tawdry finery associated with it, with what eagerness would she have set to work! Her mind was too restlessly disposed to make reading a relief in which she could lose herself; she had not even the resource of many an idle rich woman in spending superfluously. Peggy had seen that she was suitably clad, and her unhappy eyes saw nothing in the glittering shops that she coveted. Only when she thought of Maisie would she go out and buy recklessly—Maisie must be brought up to the habit of wealth; to the utmost farthing she must receive the value of her inheritance.

On her first arrival at the Metropole, Mrs. Kingdon had dined occasionally in the large salon, but she was not adaptable enough to make new acquaintances, and the long ceremonial of the meal bored her. Besides, she once or twice fancied that she attracted attention, and she had no desire to draw any notice towards herself or her doings. After a trial or two of the public meals, she lunched and dined in her private room, ordering from the *carte*, getting through the ordeal of being solemnly waited on as quickly as decorum allowed.

She had thus dined one evening and finished her solitary cup of coffee, when a card was brought to her.

She took it carelessly from the waiter, but as she read it her face flushed and hardened. George Herrison! What brought him here? She could not but connect him with evil. The sudden agitation of her mind made a clamour within her so that she scarcely caught the man's words.

"The gentleman asks if he may see you for five minutes, madam."

For a breath the little piece of paste-board fluttered in her fingers above the small bright fire; she was on the point of annihilating it and denying herself to the

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caller in the act, when other and perhaps more prudent counsels prevailed.

"I will see him; show him up," she said.

In the short interval while the man went down-stairs, she braced herself for the coming interview. A conviction pierced her that the weapons she might use against the ordinary man would be useless now and with this man. He would not allow himself to be refused.

But when he came into the room she received him with a scarcely-turned shoulder and a look of perfect composure on her cold, pale face.

He was in evening dress, and his fat, red countenance wore its habitual look of sleepy complaisance, curiously tempered by the sharp expression of his eyes.

"I must apologise for calling so late, Mrs. Kingdon," he said, "but you know what a busy man I am."

"You forget how little I know about you," she said coolly. "Perhaps if I knew more I should not be surprised to find you calling on a stranger at nine o'clock at night."

He accepted the little snub without offence.

"I hope you'll know me better soon," he said cheerfully, though he noticed she did not reciprocate the wish. "May I sit down?"

Her assent was not very gracious.

"In fact, I've come for that purpose—to explain myself a little. The hour is certainly unconventional, but you were an unconventional person not so long ago, Mrs. Kingdon. There's no very strict observance of etiquette in Nicaragua, I take it."

"Even there one has the privilege of choosing one's friends."

The words were meant to sting, but he passed them by. She felt the folly of making an enemy of this strange man whose power she dimly realised, but her dislike and distrust would not be held in leash.

"I had Nicaragua in my mind when I came to-night."

"You have come to ask me about it?" She lifted careless brows. "I'm afraid I shall disappoint you. One may live years in a place and be still quite ignorant. I was always a very stupid person at statistics or even geographical details. Maps had never the charm for me that they possess for some people."

"You don't disappoint me," he said deliberately, studying her with his penetrating hazel eyes, and thinking that she looked almost pretty in her thin black evening dress, with the firelight playing on her light hair and small white wrists. "I got up Nicaragua as far as I shall ever want it for purposes of copy when I was there ten years ago."

She held herself in. It was no news that he had been there.

"Ten years is a long time; it makes a great difference in the history of a little republic."

"So it does, but one can read up the later developments. They all follow one plan, and that the wrong one. There's the *Encyclopædia Britannica*," he grinned, "which professes to be an infallible guide. I don't possess a copy of that fount of wisdom, but I can command one at my club. Your little tea-cup storms are easily mastered and easily controlled, but there's one thing we haven't learned to conquer yet in your country."

She listened, but showed no eagerness for information.

"We haven't—for all the scientific talk and brag—found an antidote to the coast fever yet."

She shivered inwardly. What had not that fell fever cost her! Could he dare to talk to her of that? Her soul cried out against the outrage. To defend herself, she was hurried into rejoinder.

"I have never had it. I have always been immune."

"I have."

"Most new-comers do contract it, I believe," she said carelessly.

So long as he only talked about himself she was safe.

"I dare say there was something in that. I hadn't been long in the country, and I had it about as badly as they take it. It would have gone ill with me if I hadn't had the good fortune to fall in with a man who had studied it and knew a good bit about doctoring."

Some instinct warned her of the name he was about to pronounce, and she shivered, the room spinning round.

"Yes," he said, as if he read her brain, "it was Kingdon—Harry Kingdon."

"My husband!" she stammered, forcing her white lips to speech. "Are you sure?"

"Well, I guess there was no other on the coast of his name."



BOY HELD THE REINS AND MADE A GREAT SHOW OF BEING MASTER

"No other." She was recovering herself quickly, though her heart still beat sickeningly. "You must wonder at my surprise, but I never heard him speak of you."

"That's odd, for he was certainly rather proud—and with good reason—of the job. There's no doubt he pulled me through by the skin of my teeth. But there seems to have been a kind of conspiracy of silence, for I'm bound to own, Mrs. Kingdon, he never mentioned *you*."

She smiled, her face again under perfect control. It was a smile of some disdain.

"You think that odd?"

"We were a good many weeks together on that forsaken coast."

"All men do not make a parade of their happiness to the first stranger they chance to meet."

"By Jove! I shouldn't be ashamed of my wife."

She turned upon him such a look of utter scorn and contempt, that he reddened under it.

"I thought perhaps he wasn't married then," he muttered, with an accent of apology.

"He was married fifteen years ago." His rudeness braced her; she spoke quietly. "You are speaking to a woman of thirty-three, Mr. Herrison. If you will make a little mental calculation, you will see that we were not newly-made bride and groom when you met my husband. It seems unnatural to you that he did not talk of me, but to me, who knew him so well, his silence was most characteristic. You may not know it—you are not married, I think—but love has its reticences."

"I am sorry," he said, and he really was sorry, for the hard blue eyes that had challenged him were misty with tears. "I'm a blunt fellow, and when I marry, it seems to me I'll want to brag of my wife to everybody. But you'll own it's a queer coincidence that we should neither of us have heard of the other. Seems to cast a doubt on my story."

"Oh, I believe you. I'm afraid we must put down the circumstance that my husband forgot to tell me about you—or obeyed a doctor's instinct in not revealing a patient's name—to the fact that you were not quite so famous ten years ago as you have since become. The great Mr. Herrison could

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not now have the smallest illness—even in Nicaragua—without being a topic of public interest."

"Yes, I've my reputation," he said, quite unaffected by her sarcasm, "but I had begun to make it even ten years ago."

"And that it is what it now is you owe, as you have acknowledged, to my husband!"

"I don't forget my debt to him."

"He looked for no reward," she said coldly.

"On the contrary, I am here to-night to make payment."

She drew herself up stiffly. "I don't grudge you the life he gave you back, Mr. Herrison, but Harry Kingdon's wife accepts nothing he would have refused."

"There you make a mistake. I don't offer my friendship to everybody."

"Please keep it for a more appreciative person," she smiled. "I am too old to make new acquaintances. If we did not so much as hear of each other ten years ago when we had a natural link, it looks as if Fate had not destined our intimacy. Why disturb her plan?"

She was fighting desperately for lightness, faint with the leap of her heart against her side, of all things anxious to conceal from him her hidden fear of him.

"Because I think we can help each other."

"Impossible that I could help you!" Her laugh sounded quite natural.

"You can, and I'll tell you how. I mean to marry Peggy Brandon. She may have told you that she doesn't intend to marry me."

"We have not discussed the matter," she said, with chilly dignity. "I am not in her confidence."

"Well, girls generally discuss these things with their married friends. However, it's no matter. Whatever she may say, she'll come round to my view sooner or later, but I happen to be anxious it should be sooner. I may be going abroad again shortly." He paused. "I may even be going to your part of the world; there are signs of political disturbance—and I want the thing settled before I go."

She had not missed his significant pause, his challenging look. Was there a threat in it? Her face was colourless, but it retained its deceptive mask.

"I cannot help you."

"You can do it in this way. She's

coming here on a visit, she told me so herself—she and her mother."

"Yes."

"I naturally want to see as much of her as possible, and you can make that easy."

"Brighton is a large place," she said, trying painfully to smile. "You will find plenty of rooms in it, and I can't hinder you from engaging any that suit you; but if you are asking me to invite you here, I must decline."

"I've no wish to thrust myself upon you as a guest, but couldn't you ask me to tea sometimes?"

She shook her head.

"If you are so confident of winning Peggy, your coming here every day to tea wouldn't help you."

"I mean, as I told you, to win her; but I want to do it quickly."

"You have known each other a long time, I think?"

"Since she was a child."

"Then she has surely had occasions enough of studying your character! To meet you here, among other people, wouldn't give her any new opportunities. She has probably made up her mind about you already."

"Adversely?"

"You must know that best."

"You could influence her. I believe she cares for me—she *must* care for me," his conceit refused to believe in a repulse; "but girls are capricious. It's a fashion to begin with 'no.'"

"Is Peggy a fashionable person?"

"Oh, hang it! you're all alike! You all want a man to go down on his knees. I should require help from no one if I weren't pressed for time. I can't give up my career even for Peggy, but I can't go off again without her promise. Mrs. Kingdon, why are you so hard?"

The last vestige of colour left her face, her eyes were strained.

"Because," she said slowly, "I married for love, and I will help no woman to marry for anything lower or less than love."

"Don't you believe I love her?" he asked with brusque surprise.

"Perhaps you do, but I know that she could never love you."

There was a silence, of menace on his side, of utter, hopeless, dreary weariness on hers. He was the first to break it—he gave a little short laugh.

"Then you are my enemy?" he said.

"You not only won't help me, you'll hinder if you can? Is that it?"

"Peggy will never consult me."

"If she did?"

"I should beg her not to accept you."

He laughed again. "Well, we know where we are! But I think you make a mistake, Mrs. Kingdon. You might have found me useful—in Nicaragua—or elsewhere. One never knows when one may want a friend. However, it must be as you wish. I am sorry to have taken up so much of your time. I will wish you good-night now."

She made a desperate effort to rally; she even managed to smile.

"I am not on your side," she said, "but you forget how entirely insignificant a person I am. The question will never be broached between us, and I can promise you I shall not keep Peggy a prisoner!"

"I forget nothing," he said, as he turned at the door, "not even the debt I owe Harry Kingdon. I will see that it is paid—to his memory."

She stood until she made absolutely sure he had gone not to return, and then she sank in a heap on the rug.

"Why did I do it?" she wailed; "why didn't I promise to help him? It would have made no difference to Peggy, for she will never listen to him. And now—I've made him our antagonist—my little Maisie's foe and mine; my Harry's enemy too—my Harry who saved him!"

She did not know that it was the abiding influence of the one true and perfectly pure passion of her life that had saved her from the last baseness of betrayal. She had loved completely, and her love armed her to fight for another, even at all costs to herself.

But she was too miserable to feel anything but her own wretchedness. It settled cloud-like on her brain and made her temples ache; it crept down to her heart and filled it with despair.

CHAPTER XXIV

RIVALS IN LOVE

"I HOPE all this grandeur won't spoil us, mother, and unfit us for our humbler sphere! Three waiters to hand seven courses at lunch to-day is rather overwhelming, after our orphan dumping down the cold mutton! I've been

counting your opportunities for repose in this vast ball-room of a bedroom. Are you aware that you've three sofas and six easy-chairs opening their arms to you; an ottoman and a divan (not to mention the bed), and a choice of four little tables to put your knitting on?"

"It's a very fine room; but I wish Maisie had put us together," sighed Mrs. Brandon. "I'm lost without you."

"I'm only next door, though it feels like being in the next street," said Peggy. "My lesser state as a spinster has to be satisfied with two sofas. I'll be finding that a grievance presently. No mushroom grows so fast as a taste for luxury. It's sprouting in me already."

"When your dear father and I were at Meurice's in Paris——" Mrs. Brandon began, but Peggy knew all about that idyllic honeymoon week. The red-velvet sofa and the gilt clock had upholstered every fairy-tale of her youth. "I'm afraid it is costing Maisie a great deal."

"Not more than she can amply afford, and see how little she spends on herself! I don't believe she has bought a single new thing here, though the shops are so tempting. That's one nice thing about Maisie—she isn't like some newly-enriched people, anxious to advertise the fact on her own person. To see her, no one would guess she was rich."

"She doesn't look well. I'm afraid she isn't happy, Peggy."

"If she isn't, her wealth won't make her so, that's certain. Oh, mother, how glad I am it didn't come to me!"

"Truly, Peggy?"

"Really and truly, mother. Think of the burden of deciding what to do with it for the best! Maisie showed me a pile of appeals that came in one day's post. She hands them on to Mr. Sim, and lets him answer them as he likes; but that's rather a sneaking way of compounding with conscience."

"She knows so little of our life and ways here."

"Yes, and I dare say if one investigated every case oneself, one would only get heartbroken over the deceptions. It's better to be too poor to be taken in, though I must say it would be nice to have a little stockful to draw on: enough to give you a bath-chairman every day and a new tulle cap with streamers once a week. What a pity it is that all the nice things—

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tulle and bath-chairman included—are so expensive!”

“I think you could have the stockingful—if you cared,” said Mrs. Brandon diffidently, her soft dark eyes rather anxiously searching Peggy’s face.

Peggy met the look frankly.

“Perhaps—with drawbacks.”

“Are the drawbacks quite insurmountable?”

“Quite,” said the girl, with strong decision.

Mrs. Brandon sighed a little breath of relief that lightened her face. “Of course, you could not easily meet any one like your dear father.”

“No,” said the loyal daughter. “You never had any hesitation about accepting him, had you, mother?”

“Never,” said the simple woman. “I was too proud and glad. Still, Peggy, even if one’s feelings aren’t involved, one ought to remember that a man is doing a woman the highest honour in his power when he asks her to be his wife.”

“If he asks her because he truly loves her,” retorted Peggy, her voice clear with scorn; “but if he only thinks she would make a desirable addition to his possessions—something fresh to boast of and show off, a new decorative object to add to his collection—I don’t think she need be so very particularly grateful!”

Mrs. Brandon hesitated, and flushed faintly.

“I think Mr. Herrison really cares for you in his own way.”

“Mother, has he secured you as his advocate?” The girl’s voice was wounded.

“Can you think I want to lose my child? I am only anxious to be fair.” She looked her distress.

Peggy was compelled to laugh.

“Then you *shall* be fair! You shall be allowed to discover as many good points as you like in George Herrison, so long as you don’t ask me to give him to you as a son-in-law. No doubt he has his qualities, and I dare say he does like me—he has taken the trouble to tell me so twice already—but it’s, as you say, in his own way, and it is not the way I choose to be loved. If he really thought me necessary to his life and capable of sharing it—the part of it he counts real, the adventures and dangers and excitements—I could at least respect him; but he only wants to secure me so that when he comes back from his next

campaign he may pose and drape me in that flat of his as a new ornament—a plaything to be tried against various backgrounds and exhibited and praised until—until one day some newer fancy interferes and it is thrust into a neglected corner.”

“Your father thought well of him,” said Margaret Brandon, shaken by her daughter’s young scorn, but still striving, though more faintly now, to be just.

“Yes; if it weren’t for that, he would have found me no patient listener. Mother, I think there are men who show the best of themselves to other men—the sincere side—who keep themselves in leash and would be ashamed to be found by another man saying or doing an unmanly thing, or a mean thing, or an untrue thing, but who don’t respect women enough—not even the women they profess to love—to keep any guard upon their unworthier side while with them. We are only good to laugh with and play with, and who troubles to be a hero to the thing he uses only for his amusement? George Herrison is one of those men; father, himself so good, had a way of making him respond to the best; but even as a little girl I saw him once bitterly cruel to a dog, and I heard him once tell a lie. He did not mind—before me. They say that when he has gone as war correspondent he has shown quite marvellous courage, and I can believe it, for that’s his *man’s* side; but here—in London, where he has parties of women to tea—his flat and his entertainments are a jest; even the people who go, only come away to laugh.”

“I thought you liked him, dear,” said Mrs. Brandon helplessly; for in her simple kindness she had seen none of these subtleties in a guest’s character.

“I remembered that father did, and that weighed on the side of friendship; but since he asks something more of me than good-tempered liking, I have to take him as a whole—the self that he shows *me*, as well as the self he showed father. It’s friendship that is blind, never love. Even to be asked to love gives you eyes.”

“You are wiser than I about such things, dear child,” said the mother, with great tenderness; “but then I never had any painful decisions to make. The one man I wholly knew and wholly loved, revered all womanhood. I would have you marry no man less good than your father.”

“I may never find him,” said Peggy,



PREPARING THE TOILET OF THE GUARD

In the olden times, when clean-shaven faces and powdered wigs were the fashion, the morning toilet of "the Gentlemen of the Guards" was quite a formidable and prolonged operation. Our picture shows the barber at work on a batch of soldiers simultaneously, assisted by the drummer-boy.

(From a drawing by R. Caton Woodville, the famous war artist.)

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with an answering smile of love; "but I'll wait for him, dear, even if I should be a melancholy spinster all my days! Now you must rest till it's time to go driving with Maisie, and I've to mend my least disreputable pair of gloves before I take Mr. Drake out for a walk. It's rather a serious responsibility to be personal conductor to a novelist; I feel as if I were walking all the time on tip-toe in my efforts to be intelligent and properly responsive, but I comfort myself with thinking he's certain to have a poor heroine on the stocks—a typist, perhaps, or a post office young person—to be a foil to the haughty beauty, and that I shall be useful as 'copy.' Even mended gloves have their value in that light."

"Where are you going? Perhaps we may see you."

"I'm afraid not. Last time he was here we discovered we both had a preference for the unbeaten tracks, so we shall probably go over the Downs towards Rottingdean. I'd like to take Boy, but Maisie would miss him."

"Yes, poor little one; I'm so glad she has a playmate, Peggy; it is such a sad little life."

"Not so sad as we think, perhaps. It is very safe and sheltered and serene. You should pity the other Maisie more, mother."

Mrs. Brandon did not ask why; but as Peggy hurried into her hat and jacket before a resplendent mirror that too faith-

fully reflected their shabbiness, she was asking herself if there were not, possibly, some comfort, even now, on its way to reach Maisie, so manifestly in need of it.

She had not failed to notice that the air of Brighton had brought no bloom to Maisie's cheeks; she remained pale in spite of the sea's salt breath; she was even a little thinner, her eyes more noticeably anxious, her care of the little Maisie more feverish. Yet to Peggy's pitying eyes the little white blossom looked less than in London a thing woven of wind that any rough breath might waft away; her small tinkle—a little silver bell of laughter—was oftener heard. There was reason for rejoicing in her quickened grasp of life, yet more than ever fear looked out of Maisie's eyes; the hunted look was there, morning and night. She tried to do her duty as a hostess, but her mind was away from the business; it was pledged to a world of its own. Only when Verney Drake came down from London to dine and spend a night did she seem to find some reviving comfort in life. Her poor, pale face recovered a little of the animation Nature meant it to wear; she talked with less constraint, more interest in the topic discussed.

Was he to be the consoler? Peggy scarcely allowed herself to wonder; with all her ardent heart she wished poor Maisie to be happy, and yet perhaps—if it had been some one else—

(To be continued.)

London Streets

LONDON streets are muddy-brown,
London streets are dusty gray,
Paved with gold was London Town
In our dreams of yesterday.

In our dreams of yesterday
All the world lay at our feet,
Statues had no feet of clay,
Roses never grew less sweet.

All our dreams are dead and cold,
Butterflies with broken wings,
Life is armed with thorns and stings,
London has no streets of gold.

London streets have hands to hold,
Cruel hands and greedy eyes,
Wheels to break white butterflies,
Markets where a smile is sold.

Golden pavements none can see
Save at sunset, and none stay
To look upwards at a tree,
For a flower to make delay.

NORA CHESON.

The Hole in the King's Stocking

A MERRY, WHIMSICAL STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. CARRUTHERS GOULD

THE King of Honeyland, who was neither too young nor too old, had risen one morning and was sitting undressed on a chair in his bedroom. His minister of the household stood before him, holding the royal stockings, one of which had a great hole in the toe. Now although the minister presented the hose as adroitly as possible, in order to hide the sad defect from the eyes of the king, and although the king in a general way thought more of shining boots than of mended stockings, it so happened that in the present instance the hole did catch the royal eye. The monarch snatched at the stocking, to the horror of his minister, and plunging his hand right into it till his finger with the signet ring appeared through the hole at the other end, he said, with a dolorous sigh, "It is all very well for me to be king, but I am sadly in want of a queen. Now what should you say if I married?"

"Your Majesty," said the minister, "this is a wise and noble thought. I should myself have ventured to suggest it but for the certain anticipation that it could not fail sooner or later to flash spontaneously upon the royal mind."

"That is settled then," said the king. "But do you think I shall easily find a suitable queen?"

"Not a doubt of it," said the minister.

"Ah, but you must remember that I am not so easily satisfied. If a princess is to please me she must be both lovely and wise. And then there is a special point I

am afraid I shall think much of. You know how I love apple-fritters, and there isn't a cook in the kingdom who knows how to make them—to my liking, that is, neither too pale nor yet too brown—but just nice and crisp. If I marry a wife she must certainly know how to make apple-fritters!"

The minister in his heart was dismayed, but he recovered himself sufficiently to say, with suitable assurance, "I am morally convinced that your Majesty will readily find a princess who knows all about apple-fritters, and who, moreover, will be happy to make them."

"Then let us look for her," said the king; and that very day he set out with his minister to visit such of the neighbouring kings as had princesses to give away, but there were only three royal maidens sufficiently lovely and wise to please the king, and of these none had learned how to make apple-fritters.

"I do not know much about apple-fritters, unfortunately," said the first princess when the king proffered his inquiry, "but I can make nice little cheese-cakes. Don't you think that will do?"

"No," said the king; "I have a particular liking for apple-fritters."

The second princess was not nearly so obliging, and said, disdainfully, "Get along with your nonsense! I never heard of princesses being asked about apple-fritters."

But it was the third princess who proved too much for the king, and she was the



HIS MAJESTY THRUST HIS FINGER THROUGH THE HOLE OF THE STOCKING AND SAID WITH A DOLOROUS SIGH, "I AM SADLY IN WANT OF A QUEEN"

The Hole in the King's Stocking

loveliest and wisest of the three. She did not even wait for his question, but asked him coolly if he understood beating the kettle-drum. And when he said he did not, she would not listen to a word of his suit. She was sorry, she said, but she had a particular fancy for the kettle-drum, and had quite settled in her mind that she would never marry a king who was not proficient upon that instrument.

Thereupon the king drove home with his minister, and alighting on his doorstep he said, rather meekly, "We must hope, then, to get on without a queen."

However, a king in the long run cannot manage by himself, and when some weeks had passed he sent for his minister and told him that he had given up the idea of marrying a princess who knew about apple-fritters, and he thought he might be very happy with the first of those royal maidens they had visited; "that one who can make cheese-cakes," he said. "Go and ask her to come and be my queen."

But the minister returned from his mission with the disappointing news that this obliging princess was no longer to be had. She had since married the king of the country where capers grow.

"Then go and ask the second princess!" But this also proved a fruitless mission. The old king had told the minister it was too late now, because his daughter had died, else no doubt she might have been found willing.

The king grew thoughtful and considered long. But since it was plain he must have a queen, he resolved at last to send his minister to the third princess, perhaps she had changed her mind. And the minister

had to go, although he felt almost certain it was a useless errand, his own wife having assured him that, as far as her experience went, princesses were apt to keep to their opinions. The king awaited the minister's return rather anxiously. He remembered about the kettle-drum, and thought it vexatious.

But the third princess received the minister quite graciously, saying it was true she had set her heart on marrying a king who could beat the kettle-drum. But ideals did not realise, and since the king otherwise seemed an honest sort of man, she would waive the point and accept him as her husband.

Thereupon the minister dashed back at the full speed of his horse. The king embraced him, and said he should have all the stars and garters of the kingdom. From every window in the place a flag soon was waving, and garlands were hung about the streets to grace the wedding, which was solemnised with unheard-of splendour. And for a year and a day the king and his young queen lived in happiest concord. The king never thought about apple-fritters, and the

queen appeared to have forgotten about the kettle-drum.

One day, however, the king, rising early, got out of bed with the wrong leg, and things took to going wrong in consequence. It was a pouring wet day to begin with, and when the king looked out of the window his crown dropped, and was brought back to him with a great dent in it; presently the court painter arrived with the new map of the kingdom, and when the king examined it he found the frontiers had been coloured red instead of blue as he had ordered, and



THE MINISTER DASHED BACK AT THE FULL SPEED OF HIS HORSE TO INFORM HIS MAJESTY THAT HE HAD SECURED A WIFE FOR HIM

The Hole in the King's Stocking

finally the queen sent word she had a headache.

And thus it happened that the royal couple fell out for the first time, for what reason they could not tell themselves, or if they could they would not. But for a fact the king was grumbly and the queen touchy, insisting on having the last word whenever they spoke, till their bickerings grew almost hopeless, and she said, with a curl on her lip—

"Now I do think you might hold your peace instead of finding fault with everything all day long, you who cannot even beat the kettle-drum!"

But the words had scarcely escaped her when her royal spouse retorted angrily, "And you who do not even know how to make apple-fritters!"

Then the queen, for the first time, had not an answer back. They were both silent, and retired to their respective rooms. The queen in her own boudoir sat down sobbing and saying to herself, "What a foolish wife you have proved yourself this day! Why, I could not have been more stupid if I had tried, I who have always prided myself on my good sense, and to give him such an answer!"

But the king was pacing his own floor, rubbing his hands quite delightedly, and saying over and over again, "How fortunate that I have got a wife who cannot make apple-fritters; how else could I have met her taunt about my not knowing how to beat the kettle-drum?"

In fact, he grew perfectly happy with this

thought, and presently fell to whistling quite cheerily, till his eye caught the queen's portrait above his writing-table, and he got up on a chair to wipe away a spider's thread which fluttered across her pretty eyes, and after a while he said—

"Poor little wife! I dare say she was really very unhappy. I'll go and see what she is about."

And therewith he walked from his room into the great corridor connecting all the apartments. But because everything had gone wrong that day the housemaid had

forgotten to set candles about the place, although it was evening by this time, and really pitch-dark.

So he groped his way carefully, putting out his hands before him, as a wise king ought to do, when suddenly he felt something warm and clinging. "Hallo! what is this?" he cried.

"Only me," responded the queen.

"And what did you want, my dear?"

"I was coming to beg your pardon, because I am sure I must have hurt you," said she humbly.

"Oh, no!" said the king, and caught her to his

heart. "Why, I ought to ask yours! It was really my fault, and I hope you have forgiven me. But do you know, I will make a law now that two words shall never be heard again in this kingdom—'kettle-drum' and—"

"And 'apple-fritters,'" said she, laughing and crying in his arms, and therewith the tale is at an end.



FOR A YEAR AND A DAY THE KING AND HIS YOUNG
QUEEN LIVED IN HAPPIEST CONCORD. THE KING
FORGOT ABOUT APPLE-FRITTERS, AND THE
QUEEN ABOUT THE KETTLE-DRUM



John Wesley, Evangelist



BY THE REV. RICHARD GREEN

CHAPTER VII (continued).

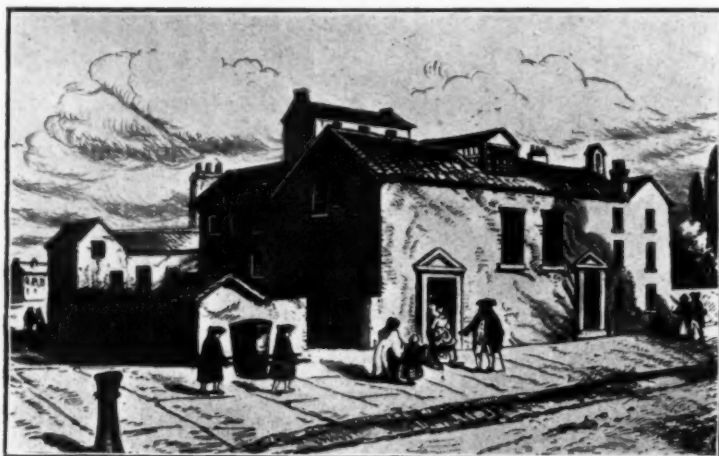
Wesley and the Dandy

THIS same year (1739) Wesley conducted a memorable service at Bath, among the audience being many of the great. He says, "I told them plainly the Scripture had concluded them all under sin, high and low, rich and poor, one with another. Many of them seemed to be not a little surprised, and were sinking apace into seriousness, when their champion—the famous Beau Nash, the leader and arbiter of Bath life and fashion—appeared, and coming close to me asked, By what authority I did these

people out of their wits.' 'Sir, did you ever hear me preach?' 'No.' 'How then can you judge of what you never heard?' 'Sir, by common report.' 'Common report is not enough. Give me leave, sir, to ask, Is not your name Nash?' 'My name is Nash.' 'Sir, I dare not judge of you by common report. I think it is not enough to judge by.' Here he paused a while, and having recovered himself, asked, 'I desire to know what this people comes here for?' On which one replied, 'Sir, leave him to me. Let an old woman answer him. You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body. We take care of our souls, and for the food of our souls we come here.' He replied not

a word, but walked away."

At this time Wesley was led to think much upon the unusual character of his ministry, and to consider the objections that were urged against it. After much prayer he determined to adhere to the following principles: As to the past, he declares that he acted from a desire to be a Christian (for he did not allow himself to have been one in the fullest sense),



THE FOUNDRY CHAPEL, MOORFIELDS, LONDON, THE CENTRAL HOME OF METHODISM FROM 1739—1778

The building had been originally a Government foundry for making brass cannon, and had remained in ruins from the time of a fearful explosion in 1716.

things? I replied, by the authority of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the (now) Archbishop of Canterbury when he laid his hands upon me, and said, 'Take thou authority to preach the Gospel.' He said, 'This is contrary to Act of Parliament. This is a Conventicle.' I answered, 'Sir, the Conventicles mentioned in that Act (as the preamble shows) are seditious meetings. But this is not such. Here is no shadow of sedition. Therefore it is not contrary to that Act.' He replied, 'I say it is. And beside, your preaching frightens

and a conviction that whatever he judged to be conducive thereto he was bound to do, and wherever he judged he could best answer this end, thither it was his duty to go. "On this principle," he says, "I set out for America; on this I visited the Moravian Church, and on the same am I ready now (God being my helper) to go to Abyssinia or China, or whithersoever it shall please God by this conviction to call me." As to settling in college he objects, that he had no business there, having now no office, and no pupils; and as to accepting of a

John Wesley, Evangelist

cure of souls, it would be time enough to consider it when such was offered to him.

"I look upon all the world as my parish; thus far I mean, that in whatever part of it I am, I judge it meet, right and my bounden duty, to declare unto all that are willing to hear the glad tidings of salvation. This is the work which I know God has called me to do. And sure I am that His blessing attends it. Great encouragement have I, therefore, to be faithful in fulfilling the work He hath given me to do. His servant I am, and as such am employed according to the plain direction of His Word, as I have opportunity of doing good unto all men. And His providence clearly concurs with His Word, which has disengaged me from all things else, that I might singly attend on this very thing, and go about doing good."¹

The Central Home of Early Methodism

It was about this time that two gentlemen in London, Mr. Ball and Mr. Watkins, desired him to preach in a half-ruinous place called the Foundry, near Moorfields, and with much reluctance he at length complied. The purchase money was lent by these gentlemen and others, also what was needed to put the building in repair, and to fit it up for the Society's use. Two galleries, one for men and the other for women, were added, and one of the rooms was enlarged. Towards all these expenses, amounting in the whole to upwards of £800, liberal annual subscriptions were promised.

Wesley writes:—"Sunday, Nov. 11, I preached at eight to five or six thousand, on the spirit of bondage, and the spirit of adoption; and at five in the evening to seven

or eight thousand, in the place which had been the King's Foundry for cannon." The company must have been assembled either wholly, or partially in the yard, the building holding only fifteen hundred persons. It was an old and disused building, the Government foundry where brass cannons were cast. A fearful accident in 1716, in connexion with the recasting of a number of French guns, had laid the place in ruins, and it had not been used from that time until Wesley took it. The five o'clock morning services were for some time conducted by the Wesleys in

a roofless building. It was the central home of Methodism from 1739 to 1778, when the present City Road Chapel, now called "Wesley's Chapel," was opened. "A bell was hung in a plain belfry, and was rung every morning at five o'clock for early service, and every evening at nine for family worship; as well as at sundry other times. The chapel, which would accommodate some fifteen hundred people,

was without pews; but, on the ground-floor, immediately before the pulpit, were about a dozen seats with back rails, appropriated to female worshippers. Under the front gallery were the free seats for women; and, under the side galleries, the free seats for men. The front gallery was used exclusively by females, and the side galleries by males.

"The bandroom was behind the chapel, on the ground-floor, some eighty feet long and twenty feet wide, and accommodated about



CHARLES AND JOHN WESLEY

These striking heads are from the Wesley Memorial in Westminster Abbey
Copyright of Adams-Aston, Sculptor

¹ *Works*, i., 201.

John Wesley, Evangelist

three hundred persons. Here the classes met; here, in winter, the five o'clock morning service was conducted; and here were held, at two o'clock on Wednesdays and Fridays, weekly meetings for prayer and intercession. The north end of the room was used for a school, and was fitted up with desks; and at the south end was 'The Book Room' for the sale of Wesley's publications.

Wesley's Mother in Her Old Age

"Over the bandroom were apartments for Wesley, in which his mother died; and at the end of the chapel was a dwelling-house for his domestics and assistant preachers. At the north end was an open yard, in which were the stable and coach-house; and at the south end, as represented by a contemporary engraving, there was a walled garden, having in it a few trees, giving the premises the appearance of country. The maps of London at that period show open country all round. The land to the north-east of Moorgate was called Moorfields, and was divided into three portions, and laid out as pleasure grounds. It was here that the great crowds gathered to listen to the mighty words of the Wesleys and Whitefield. It is said that the restoration of the old Foundery inspired public confidence, and some twenty years afterwards Finsbury Square and the streets leading thereto were laid out. During many years, the progress being slow, the roads were almost impassable. Yet the services were continued morning and evening; and

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it was a singular sight to witness the numerous candle and oil lanterns moving over the rugged road to guide the worshippers safely during the dark winter mornings and evenings to the preachings of the Wesleys and their lay-helpers."¹

Here Wesley and some of his lay-assistants long found a home; and here his honoured mother spent her last days, attending their ministry, and enjoying the fellowship of the early Methodists.

It will be seen that, as the separation of Wesley from the Moravians took place soon after, the acquisition of the Foundery was nearly co-incidental with the beginning of the distinctive "United Societies of the Methodists."

The Origin of the Methodist Societies

From this year the Methodist Societies have always dated their origin. In the preface to the *Rules of the Society of the People called Methodists* occurs the following:—"In the latter end of the year 1739, eight or ten persons came to me in London, who appeared to be deeply convinced of sin, and earnestly groaning for redemption. They desired (as did two or three more the next day) that I would spend some time with them in prayer, and advise them how to flee from the wrath to come, which they saw continually hanging over their heads. That we might have more time for this great work, I appointed a day when all might come together; which, from hence-forward, they did every week, viz. on Thursday, in the evening. To these, and as many more as desired to join with them (for their number increased daily), I gave those advices from time to time which I judged



THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATES THE EXTRAORDINARY HEADGEAR AFFECTED BY FINE LADIES IN THE DAYS WHEN WESLEY WAS BEGINNING HIS GREAT CAMPAIGNS

¹ Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, i., 271; and Stevenson's *City Road Chapel*, p. 23.

John Wesley, Evangelist

most needful for them; and we always concluded our meeting with prayer suited to their several necessities.

"This was the rise of the UNITED SOCIETY, first in London, and then in other places. Such a Society is no other than a company of men, having the form, and seeking the power of godliness; united, in order to pray together, to receive the word of exhortation, and to watch over one another in love, that they may help each other to work out their salvation."

We learn that twelve came the first Thursday night; forty the next; the number growing soon after to one hundred.

The First Lay-Preachers

In this year also the employment of lay-preachers was initiated. Wesley, writing in 1790, says that Joseph Humphreys was the first lay-preacher that assisted him in England, in 1738. In what place and to what extent Humphreys was employed we do not know. It may have been, as Tyerman suggests, in connexion with the Fetter Lane Society. Humphreys became a Calvinist, joined Whitefield, was afterwards a Presbyterian Minister, and later still received Episcopal ordination.

John Cennick, whom Wesley met at Reading, in a very pathetic fragment of autobiography, tells how, when he was at Bristol, he went on June 14, 1739, to Kingswood, to hear a young man—Tyerman suggests Thomas Maxfield, but gives no reason for doing so—read a sermon to the colliers; but, the young man not appearing, Cennick was persuaded to expound—a work which he had never before attempted. Some four or five hundred colliers were assembled under the sycamore tree near which the stone of the school was soon to be laid by Whitefield, and "many believed in that hour." This he repeated the following day; and two days afterward he



A YOUNG DANDY IN THE FORTIES
OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Wesley was often called upon to
"tackle" such gallants

preached to about four thousand people.

About this time Wesley returned to Bristol, where he remained till July 13. He was urged by some to stop Cennick, but, so far from complying, he encouraged him in his work. Cennick, who had been a writing-master at Reading, was soon after appointed to reside in Kingswood, and to take charge of the new school which Wesley had opened there. He continued to preach at Kingswood and in the neighbouring villages with great effect, occasionally supplying for Wesley in Bristol. But about Christmas 1740, Cennick, having embraced Calvinistic views, renounced his connexion with Wesley.

Old Mrs. Wesley's Warning

The following interesting story relating to Maxfield, which may have given rise to the supposition that he was Wesley's first lay-preacher, is preserved by Moore, Wesley's intimate friend, biographer, and last surviving trustee. The Society in London had deeply suffered from erroneous teaching, in Wesley's absence, and the want of an Assistant, acting in a capacity similar to that of Cennick at Bristol, was keenly felt. Wesley, therefore, when about to leave

London for a season, appointed Thomas Maxfield to take charge of the Society, and to expound the Scriptures to them.

"This young man, being fervent in spirit and mighty in the Scriptures, greatly profited the people. They crowded to hear him; and, by the increase of their number, as well as by their earnest and deep attention, they insensibly led him to go further than he had at first designed. He began to preach, and the Lord so blessed the Word that many were not only awakened, and brought to repentance, but were also made happy in a consciousness of pardon.

"Some, however, were offended at this

John Wesley, Evangelist

'irregularity.' A formal complaint was made to Mr. Wesley, and he hastened to London, in order to put a stop to it. His mother then lived in his house, adjoining the Foundry. When he arrived, she perceived that his countenance was expressive of dissatisfaction, and inquired the cause. 'Thomas Maxfield,' said he abruptly, 'has turned preacher, I find.' She looked attentively at him, and replied, 'John, you know what my sentiments have been. You cannot suspect me of favouring readily anything of this kind. But take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits

of his preaching, and hear him also yourself.' He did so. His prejudice bowed before the force of truth, and he could only say, 'It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good.'"¹



A GLASS-MEETING TICKET AS SUPPLIED TO MEMBERS OF THE METHODIST SOCIETIES AT THE BEGINNING OF THEIR HISTORY

The Countess and the Preacher

Lady Huntingdon was at this time a constant attendant at Fetter Lane, and a member of the first Society formed there. Having frequently heard Mr. Maxfield pray, she had at length urged him to expound the Scriptures. She was greatly impressed, and wrote to Wesley expressing her astonishment. "Before he had gone over one-fifth part any one that had seen me would have thought I had been made of wood or stone; so quite immovable I both felt and looked. To deal plainly I could either talk or write for an hour about him." After he had laboured faithfully and successfully in London for a few years, he was episcopally ordained by the Bishop of Derry, in Bristol,

at Wesley's particular recommendation. The Bishop, addressing Maxfield, said, "Sir, I ordain you to assist that good man, that he may not work himself to death."

After being Wesley's helper for several years in London he withdrew from him, to Wesley's great regret. He afterwards occupied a large chapel near Moorfields, and laboured there with great success. He died suddenly of apoplexy.

Wesley's Prejudice against Lay-Preaching

Maxfield was not the only lay-preacher whom Wesley was disposed to repress. Moore tells us, "Thomas Westall was a simple, upright man, whose word the Lord greatly blessed. Wesley at first thought, as in the case of Thomas Maxfield, to silence him. But Mrs. Canning, a pious old lady of Evesham, said, 'Stop him at your peril! He preaches the truth, and the Lord owns him as truly as he does you or your brother.'"²

Although Wesley's irrepressible energy and equally irrepressible zeal were pushing him out into the wide fields of heathenish England, fields that were white indeed unto harvest; yet it is obvious that no such extension of his labours as he desired could have been effected without the adoption of some means adapted to meet the requirements of the time. It was his boast that he followed the leadings of providence as indicated in the circumstances of the hour. He laid down no plan, but was content simply to be led to enter doors as they opened, and to adopt measures as they became expedient. This is strikingly illustrated in the case of the lay-preachers.

The strength of Wesley's prejudice against them is indicated in his own assertion, "I scarce thought it right for one to be saved out of church," which showed his objection to anything that was irregular. And we have seen that prejudice prompting him to oppose them in two striking instances, and the rude shocks which that prejudice then received. But he had witnessed the work of the Moravians in Georgia, and, during his visit to Herrnhut, he had listened attentively to the preaching of Christian David, a Moravian mechanic, and had seen abundant proofs of his great usefulness. Compelled, then, by the necessity of the case, and by the obvious indications of divine providence, he at length

¹ Moore's *Life of Wesley*, i., 505.

² *Life of Wesley*, ii., 11.

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yielded, though he took no step in his whole progress so reluctantly as this.

Wesley's labours during the year were not all comprised in those frequent preaching services, often to vast multitudes of people, which we have been hastily reviewing; in his private ministry to the numerous persons who applied to him for spiritual instruction; his expounding to the Societies night after night; and his special care of the Fetter Lane society; or in his journeys backwards and forwards, to and from London, Bristol and Oxford. His pen was also in requisition. He had already begun to use the press, his largest work hitherto published being two beautiful editions of Thomas à Kempis's *Christian Pattern*: one in octavo, with a preface on the usefulness of the work, directions for reading it with profit, and an account of the edition itself; the other, a most handy little pocket-edition. It is a closer translation of the original than any hitherto published, being as literal as was consistent with elegance; and divided, like the Latin, into distinct sentences: thus differing from Dean Stanhope's, the one then generally in use.

The First of Charles Wesley's Hymns

During the year he published the famous *Sermon on Free Grace*, which was the proximate cause of the separation between Whitefield and himself; an abridgment of August Hermann Franke's *Nicomachus: A Treatise on the Fear of Man*. This year also saw the issue of the first number of the *Extracts from Mr. Wesley's Journal*, relating to the time from his embarking for Georgia to his return to London; and

Hymns and Sacred Poems, a volume of 239 pages. The special interest of this volume lies in the fact that it is the first in which any of Charles Wesley's hymns appeared—the bubblings of a spring which was to become a rich stream of holy song, carrying its refreshing waters to many a spiritual wilderness, reviving many a weary pilgrim, and stimulating many a band of holy workers; songs that by their sweetness should win back many a wandering one from his evil ways, giving hope to the hopeless and reviving faith in many hearts chilled by cruel doubt; songs that should give expression to the holy joy, the reverent worship and the fervent aspiration of millions of believers, and on which, as on eagles' wings, unnumbered triumphant believers would ascend to the paradise of God.

What we have hitherto narrated must all be regarded as preparatory stages in Wesley's progress towards the one supreme work of his life, namely, his *fifty years of unbroken itinerant preaching*, forming one continuous appeal to the conscience of the English nation.

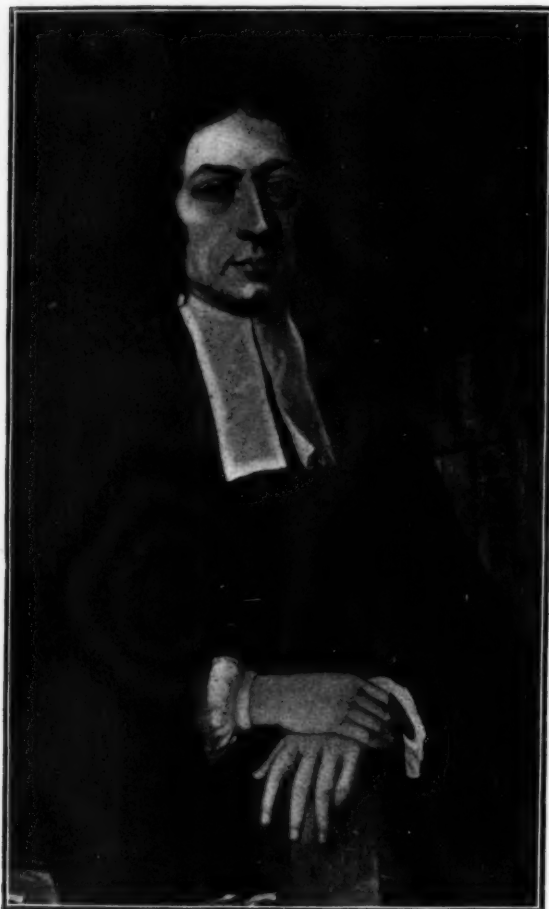
THE SEAL OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE, PLACED IN THE CUSTODY OF THE PRESIDENT DURING HIS YEAR OF OFFICE

Wesley's Charm of Voice and Manner

For the accomplishment of such a work no device

could equal the field-preaching; indeed, but for this, there is no probability that the contemplated end would have been attained. No other means could approach it in fitness for reaching the godless, indifferent masses of the people. It brought him face to face with thousands upon thousands of persons who never entered the churches. By this means he met with

John Wesley, Evangelist



JOHN WESLEY AT THE AGE OF 39

A photograph from the original painting by Williams, now in Didsbury College, Manchester.

the brutal and the careless, as well as with the hungering and thirsting ones. Without effort, without will, often in opposition to their will, men heard a voice which arrested them, heard fiery, penetrating words of condemnation and warning.

With magical power, the dark chambers of their hearts were searched, and their inner thoughts were revealed to them; portrayals in which they saw themselves were held up before their eyes. They were arrested, fascinated, by a charm of voice and manner; but much more by convincing words, with which, as with a sword proceeding out of his mouth, the Evangelist cleft atwain their hearts and their thoughts

within them. But he who wounded healed. They heard of a divine love and mercy. It was a new message to them, and was spoken in new tones of tenderness, fervour and conviction, that melted and humbled and won them.

The Apostle of England

No voice could speak to the heart of the nation as could the voice of the field-preacher. A hundred devoted parish clergymen, confined within parochial limits, could not have met the necessities of the hour. The sober-minded, decent, respectable people might attend their parish churches; but the foul and the filthy, the profligate and the idle, would not—did not—darken the church doors. These were the classes it was most needful to reach. The sick needed the physician; the lost must be saved. All honour to Wesley that these were the people whom he sought; that amongst these his greatest trophies were won. But they could be won only by field preaching. And while his practical sagacity in devising methods for the care of his converts excites our admiration, the first place must be assigned to his reiterated appeals in fields, or highways, or inn-yards; from tombstone, or wall-top, or hillside, or market-cross; amid the noisy rabble, or in the quiet vale, wherever a company could be

gathered together; and these appeals were not intermitted for fifty long years, save when he was laid aside by sickness or accident. There is nothing equal to it in British Christianity.

Year by year, for five decades, does he direct his steps through the rugged roads, in summer's heat and winter's cold, through seed-time and harvest, with one message—the message of mercy to a guilty people; calling to them as with a trumpet-voice; denouncing their sins, like a prophet of old; demanding their repentance; proclaiming to them pardon and grace, and all with undying fidelity and unwearied toil.

(To be continued.)

Blunders of the Poets

BY HENRY OSBORNE, M.A.

THE slips of genius are interesting to ordinary mortals, who are amused, perhaps a little comforted, in detecting the mistakes made even by the most gifted writers. Most of the mistakes now to be indicated arise from want of close observation of natural facts, want of accurate reporting on those facts. The seeing eye is at fault, or the hearing ear, or the recording memory. Sometimes the poet has worked indoors, and neglected to check his descriptions by observation of nature and fact.

Take the fine ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." It was written by Lady Ann Barnard, but it appeared anonymously and pretended to be an ancient Scottish ballad. A solitary mistake showed that the piece was not ancient. Lady Ann wrote—

"Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me
for his bride;

But saving a crown, he had naething else be-
side:

To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed
to sea,

And the crown and the pound were baith for
me."

The author forgot or did not know that the ancient pound Scots was actually less than a crown, and thus the modernity of the ballad was discovered.

Mrs. Lydia Sigourney in a pretty and even popular piece wrote—

"I hear the bees in sleepy music winging

From the wild thyme where they have passed
the noon;

There is the blackbird in the hawthorn sing-
ing,

Stirring the white spray with the same sweet
tune."

The author professes to describe an actual personal experience; but it could not have been so. She has grouped together things that in nature are never together. The wild thyme is in bloom in July, the hawthorn blossom and the blackbird's song are features of May, and are quite over and ended long before the bees and the thyme. Moreover, she pictures as at the same moment the water-lily and the dragon-fly, elements of the landscape never seen along with the presence of hawthorn and singing of the blackbird.

Mrs. Hemans writes—

"Come to the sunset tree,

The day is past and gone;

The woodman's axe lies free,

And the reaper's task is done."

The authoress had observed, some time or other, the woodman felling timber, and at some other time the harvester reaping corn. But she had not accurately observed nor correctly reported the seasonal aspects of nature, else she would have known and remembered that reaping is done in August and September, but the felling of trees is done only in the winter months, December and January.

In one of his pieces on slavery in the United States before the war, Longfellow writes—

"The Planter, under his roof of thatch,

Smoked thoughtfully and slow;

The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,

He seemed in haste to go."

Now the Slaver is inside the Planter's hut. But the part of a latch on which the thumb is placed is always on the outside, and is used by a visitor entering the house.

By the way, mistakes parallel to these can be seen in scores in any ordinary picture gallery. Thus, for instance, it is quite common to detect, even in the pictures of eminent artists, a horse represented with both legs on the off-side or near-side advanced together—a physical impossibility. That is the manner of a camel's movement, it is said, but no horse ever worked his limbs in that order.

Our next example from the poets is a surprising one. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, lived all his life in the country and much of it in the open air. He delighted in the sights and sounds of rural nature, he had a keen eye for natural objects and a wonderful descriptive power. If any man could be trusted to see truly and observe closely, that man would be the inspired peasant, the Shepherd of Ettrick Forest. Yet in his beautiful poem, "Kilmeny," Hogg describes a gloaming, a late evening, where occur the following lines, exquisite lines they are—

"Late, late in a gloaming, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the Westlan' hill,
The wood was aere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain
Like a little wee cloud in the warld its lane."

Blunders of the Poets

Everybody knows that when the moon is on the wane it is not visible in the evening at all, it does not rise till midnight or morning.

We can, however, easily understand how the poet was led into the blunder. Hogg was trying to pile up as many images as possible that give the reader a weird and eerie sense of something unearthly, because the poem of "Kilmeny" is a fairy tale. In the gloaming there could only be a crescent moon, but Hogg's ear advised him that the "moon i' the wane" sounded more mystical and sad. The phrase contributed to the effect he was desirous of producing, and thus blinded him to the solecism he was committing, the falsehood in the picture he was painting.

Here one may again find a parallel amongst the artists of the brush. In multitudes of pictures, especially in book illustrations, the crescent moon is painted with the horns or tips to the right. As an astronomical fact, that is impossible, at least in this hemisphere.

Pass now to a still greater master, Sir Walter Scott—even he furnishes an example, and a most amusing one. In his fine ballad of "Young Lochinvar" Scott has this passage—

"So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung."

Here is a man fond of horsemanship, and a man who spent many days of his life in the saddle, one moreover marked by a love of nature and natural objects; yet he deliberately tells us of a feat of horsemanship utterly and physically impossible! The mistake is due partly to Scott's habit of writing *currente calamo*, partly to his magnificent Shakespearean carelessness. But also, we cannot doubt, he was betrayed by the galloping rhythm, and his wish to create in the reader the sensation of swift movement and impetuous haste. And for that very same reason multitudes of readers and reciters have repeated the ballad with admiration, and with no suspicion of the curious blunder involved.

Neither Wordsworth nor Burns furnishes a solitary example of solecism, their eye for natural objects and seasonal aspects is so perfect, and their descriptions so accurate. But there is an example in Coleridge, a small one, to be sure. In "The Ancient Mariner" he has the following lines—

"Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon with one bright star
Within the nether tip."

Quite impossible—the dark apparent space between the "tips" of the crescent moon is really the solid body of the planet, through which no star could shine. But the picture seemed piquant, and Coleridge's dreamy eyes saw nothing amiss.

What a perfect gem of diction and of fancy is "The Eve of St. Agnes" by John Keats! With all his witchery of words the poet paints for us the Gothic Chamber, with its mullioned windows through whose blazon the cold moonshine streams; all is touched by medieval romance and mystic colouring. Yet the effect is somewhat marred, in one stanza at least, by a slip, an anachronism:

"The arras, rich with horseman, hawk and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar,
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor."

But carpets were not in use till long after the period of the story.

Tennyson's accuracy is remarkable when we remember he was short-sighted. He nowhere blunders as to the seasons in which flowers appear, never depicts plant or animal with any error of observation.

We arrive at the highest name of all, that of Shakespeare. Now it is well known that Shakespeare represents the country of Bohemia as having a sea-coast, and some small wits have made merry over it. Shakespeare had no chance of seeing Bohemia, and it is quite likely he never consulted a map of the country. It was therefore not a case of inaccurate observation.

But take his descriptions of nature and the seasons. He is at once the most minute in detail and the most completely accurate. No flower blossoms in his pages out of its proper season; no migratory bird appears in the wrong month; no natural object is ever distorted from the truth of fact. "Violets sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes"—that is their exquisite shade of colour. "Daffodils that take the winds of March with beauty"—that is the precise month of their blossoming. The same faultless accuracy is found in his references to bees, to hunting hounds, to birds, to the varied stages of human life from puling infancy to lean and slippered age.

(Our columns are open for correspondence on the subject of this article. Ed. "L. H.")

Six Years at the Russian Court

BY M. EAGAR

(FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE CZARINA)

CHAPTER XI

THE THEOLOGY OF A GRAND DUCHESS

WE generally spent Christmas at Tsarskoe Selo. It is less observed than Easter in general, but in the

palace it is a great festival. There were no fewer than eight Christmas trees in various parts of the palace. The Empress dressed them all herself, and personally chose the presents for each member of her household, and for each officer, to the number of about five hundred. A tree was arrayed for the Cossacks in the riding-school.

The children and I had a tree for ourselves. It was fixed into a musical box which played the German Christmas hymn, and turned round and round. It was indeed a glittering object. All the presents were laid out on white-covered tables, and the tree stood for several days an object of intense interest and admiration to the children. They were very sad when it was dismantled just before we went to St. Petersburg, but they were consoled by being allowed to help, and to divide the toys between the members of their own household.

We went to St. Petersburg on the last day of the old year (Russian counting). On New Year's Day there was a great ceremony in the palace cathedral. The Emperor and Empress and the Dowager Empress went to church in state, accompanied by

their own courts and all the Grand Ducal courts, all wearing full court dress.

We saw the Empress when she was dressed; very magnificent she looked in her court dress of white satin with its long train of brocade, seven chains of diamonds round her neck, a girdle of the same sparkling gems round her waist, the ends falling to the hem of her dress. On her head she wore the kokoshnik, the crescent-shaped head-dress, in white brocade lavishly decorated with large single stone diamonds. A rich lace veil depended from it and hung at the back almost to her knees.

The little girlies were delighted to see her so gorgeously attired; they circled round her in speechless admiration for some time, and suddenly the Grand Duchess Olga clapped her hands and exclaimed fervently: "Oh! mamma, you are just like a lovely Christmas tree!"



MISS EAGAR, THE AUTHOR OF THESE STRIKING AND INTERESTING ARTICLES

Six Years at the Russian Court

After divine service was finished, there was a drawing-room, at which all the *débutantes* were presented.

The Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana Nicolaivna were fond of listening to stories. On one occasion Tatiana told Olga a story, the end of which was as follows:—"So my little girl and my niece went into the wood, and a big wolf ate my little girl, so she went to heaven." Olga was horrified at such theology. "Oh, no," she cried, "she could not have gone to heaven because the wolf ate her, and God does not allow wolves to go to heaven. She is walking about the wood *inside* the wolf." The other child calmly accepted this wonderful correction.

I found I had to be very careful in telling them stories. On one occasion I told Olga the story of Joseph and his brethren. She was deeply interested and exclaimed, "What a shame!" I said, "Yes, it was indeed a terrible shame for them to be so jealous and so cruel to their young brother." She exclaimed, "I mean it was a shame of the father. Joseph was not the eldest, and the beautiful coat should have been given to the eldest son, the other brothers knew that, and perhaps that was why they put him in the pit." Explanations were useless, all her sympathies were given to Reuben. She was angry with King David because he killed Goliath, and said, "David was much younger and smaller, and poor Goliath never expected him to throw stones at him." "Jack the Giant Killer" gave her no pleasure, it upset her idea that might was right.

Once there was a cinematograph exhibition for the children and some friends. One picture showed two little girls playing in a garden, each with a table before her covered with toys. Suddenly the bigger girl snatched a toy from the little one, who, however, held on to it and refused to give it up. Foiled in her attempts, the elder seized a spoon and pounded the little one with it, who quickly relinquished the toy and began to cry.

Tatiana wept to see the poor little one so ill-treated, but Olga was very quiet. After the exhibition was over she said, "I can't think that we saw the whole of that picture." I said I hoped the end of it was that the naughty big sister was well punished, adding that I thought we had seen quite enough, as I had no wish to see anything more of such a naughty girl. Olga then said, "I am sure that the lamb belonged at first to

the big sister, and she was kind and lent it to her sister, then she wanted it back, and the little sister would not give it up, so she had to beat her."

CHAPTER XII

THE COURT IN HOLY MOSCOW

QUITE early in January 1900 the opening ball of the St. Petersburg season was given at the Winter Palace. Over five thousand people were present, and it was indeed a gay scene. The Empress wore white chiffon embroidered with chenille and sparkling sequins, and many diamonds. The Grand Duchess Serge wore mauve. She is sister to the Empress, and a very beautiful woman; some people indeed even consider her handsomer than the Empress. The Imperial family was still in mourning for the Grand Duke George, so all wore either white or mauve.

The ball was opened by a polonaise. The Master of the Ceremonies went before the Emperor and Empress, walking backwards, and cleared a way for them through the crowd. After him came Princess Galetzine, the senior lady of the court, then came the Emperor and Empress, Grand Dukes and Duchesses, Royal Princes and Princesses, the Ambassadors and their wives, all moving slowly in pairs. They then changed partners, and at the last turn up the room the Empress was hand-in-hand with the unspeakable Turk. I did not like to see her dancing with him, and afterwards told her so. She explained that it had to be, because Turkey was the last country with which Russia had been at war.

At the conclusion of the polonaise general dancing began. The Emperor and Empress went amongst their guests and spoke a few words to most of them. The Japanese Ambassador and his wife were there; he wore European uniform and she was clad in a pink satin dress, made high and with long sleeves.

The supper-rooms were beautifully arranged like gardens. There were groups of palms, flowering lilacs, and laburnums, etc., appearing out of grassy beds in which grew crocuses, daffodils, and other flowering bulbs. Walks covered with carpets to imitate sand ran through the rooms in various directions, electric lamps hung in the trees, and tables were set out under their shade.

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YALTA, IN THE CRIMEA

A few miles from Livadia, a favourite watering-place of the Imperial family. Recently there have been serious riots at Yalta—many buildings being set on fire and the prisoners at the police stations being liberated by the mob.

For the supper were provided three hundred and fifty dishes of chicken, each dish containing three chickens with salad and jelly, three hundred and fifty large lobsters with mayonnaise sauce, and three hundred and fifty tongues, and the same number of dishes of cold assorted meats, also of ices and creams, jellies, etc., besides cakes, biscuits, etc. Also several hundred gallons of soup of various kinds. Two thousand bundles of asparagus were boiled for the salads; there were also quantities of fruit and wine. A ball at the palace is good for trade in St. Petersburg.

I was invited to the kitchens to view the preparations, and was greatly amused and interested to see the people. Counts, barons, hotel proprietors, etc., all came in to see the *chef* and bargain with him for the remains of these delicacies. The *chef* is paid so much a head for the supper; he buys things in large quantities and sends abroad for some. He orders what he likes, provides the supper, receives the money from the Emperor, and pockets what he can make out of the transaction.

Every season five or six balls are given besides many great dinners, and twice a week there is a representation in the palace theatre, either an opera or a play, followed

by a supper. It may not be generally known that the Emperor has an opera company and an acting company, which includes a ballet.

On the 6th of January the ceremony of blessing the waters is performed. A mass, at which all appear in full court costume, is celebrated in the Winter Palace cathedral. That finished, the priests, in their most gorgeous vestments, followed by the Emperor and Grand Dukes and the gentlemen of the various courts, go to a pavilion erected over the river, and there the priests solemnly bless the waters, a hole being cut in the ice for the purpose, into which a cross is lowered. They then go through the crowd which always assembles, and sprinkle them from a brush dipped into the holy water. Some of the water is then brought into the palace and put into glasses reserved specially for it, and it is then drunk, after many prayers and much blessing of themselves, by the Russians.

Formerly, when the hole was cut in the ice, numbers of people plunged into the water, and afterwards went from door to door showing their frozen garments as a proof of their holiness, and asking alms from the charitably disposed. But from time to time one of those self-made martyrs

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was drowned, and there were many abuses, so the authorities put an end to the plunging. The ladies of the court used formerly to go in the procession, but bare shoulders were not exactly conducive to health with the thermometer standing often at twenty degrees below freezing-point, and therefore the practice was discontinued.

On one occasion the Prince of Siam came to visit the Empress, and the children were in the room. He was dressed in Russian uniform, and looked about him with a bright, interested expression. My little charges ran forward and examined him with deep interest, walking slowly round him, and regarding him with beaming smiles of amusement. The Empress said to the Grand Duchess Tatiana, "Come, shake hands with this gentleman, Tatiana." She laughed and said, "That is not a gentleman, mamma, that's only a monkey." The Empress, covered with confusion, said, "You are a monkey yourself, Tatiana," but the Prince laughed heartily. They and the Prince afterwards became quite good friends.

We went that year to Moscow for Easter, and stayed in the historic Kremlin. Moscow is the most characteristic city I have seen; for the most part it is distinctly modern, but conveys the impression of antiquity even more successfully than St. Petersburg does.

The Kremlin and all that part are very old; there is a great room having a throne draped with ermine. All round the walls are painted frescoes. One set represents the history of Joseph and his brethren. They are dressed as Russian peasants in shirts and top-boots; Potiphar's wife is attired in a bright blue dress, showing a white petticoat. She evidently wore a crinoline, also a pair of boots with high heels, and white stockings. Another set represents the wandering of the children of Israel in the wilderness; Russian costume again prevailing.

Another wall is taken up with the judgment of Vladimar. He was the first Christian Emperor of Russia. Tradition says that a Jew had oppressed a Christian woman, who called to Vladimar for help. The verdict went against the Jew, who straightway gave all his property to his wife and children, and then said he had nothing to pay with. Vladimar ordered his head to be shaved, and that he should be mounted on a donkey and led through the town with

his hands tied. He was accordingly brought out, but had not proceeded very far when he offered to refund all that he had unjustly extorted, and even more. The flies and stinging insects which abound in Russia had punished him by alighting on his shaven head.

The museum is well worth a visit. Here are hung up in a circle all the crowns belonging to the many Emperors and Empresses of the past. Catherine the Great had all the jewels of her crown picked out and made into an ornament for her personal adornment, and there hangs her crown with its jewelless holes, a lasting monument to her character. There are numbers of thrones, from a little ivory chair which formerly belonged to some of the Georgian kings, to the silver one which was brought from Kieff. I sat in most of them, to the great horror of some of the Russians. Some of the thrones have cords stretched across the corners to prevent such sacrilege.

Here are hung up in a glass case the robes worn by the Emperor, Empress and Dowager Empress on the occasion of their coronations. All, even to the gloves and shoes, are displayed. In presses round the walls of another room are kept the coronation robes of former sovereigns.

Li Hung Chang brought a carved eagle to the Emperor, and a screen to the Empress. The eagle is about five feet high, and stands on the carved trunk of a tree. Each feather is carved separately, and can be withdrawn from the body of the bird and the whole thing packed in a small space. It is of ivory and ebony, a most wonderful piece of work. I thought at first that the screen was painted, but it is not. It is executed with the needle, is in four panels, each representing the sea under a different aspect, while on the reverse side gulls are embroidered flying, feeding, and swimming, a truly marvellous piece of work, every part of the canvas being covered with stitches. It took eight of the most expert needle-women in China three years to execute.

There is a collection in the museum of old State carriages—wonderful erections, all gilding and velvet, with delicately-painted panels. Catherine's travelling carriage is there. There is a long table down the middle of it, and how it could be turned I know not; it is rather larger than an ordinary tram-car or bus. Indeed, I do not believe that there is a street in

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Moscow in which one of those carriages could be turned. The little Grand Duchess Olga sat in each carriage in turn, finally she selected the largest and handsomest, and said, "I'll have this one." She then gave orders quite seriously that the carriage should be sent to Tsarskoe Selo for her. She was told that could not be, so she ordered that it should be prepared for her daily drive. I was very pleased that her ideas on the subject of the carriage were not carried out.

They say that Holy Moscow contains seventy times seven churches; as a matter of fact there are many more, one out of every five buildings being a church. What supports them, and how the priests live I have never been able to find out. Some of the churches are very old, as they escaped the fire. Many of the holy icons have had almost miraculous escapes from being destroyed. One of the churches in the Kremlin contains a picture with the mark of a sword-cut like a great scar across it, but the canvas was not cut. It has also the marks of something on the back, and it is said that it was thrown out of church by the French soldiers, was put into the fire, but was miraculously preserved.

Ivan the Terrible, who was contemporary with Queen Elizabeth, had a church built here which is much admired. Seven little

churches open one after the other, each circular in form, six of them round a centre one. They are very pretty and full of interest, but exceedingly dark. Tradition says Ivan was much pleased with this church, and sent for the architect to reward him. When the man came, the Emperor had him seized and bound, and his eyes were burned out in order that he might never be able to reproduce the church, nor to design one exceeding it in beauty. But



THE CZAR AND CZARINA IN OLD-WORLD MUSCOVITE GARMENTS

This picture recalls the days when the Czar of Muscovy was a comparatively humble, and half-barbaric, potentate.

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the story is open to doubt. It is told of the designers of many famous buildings, including the cathedral at Strasburg.

Within the walls of the Kremlin are seven churches, many of them very interesting. In one of these the Emperor was crowned. The Emperor himself places the crown on his head; he then crowns the Empress, who kneels before him. One of the churches in the Kremlin has the highest tower in Russia. From this tower the great bell of Moscow fell and was broken. It stands on a pedestal on the ground; at least forty men could find accommodation under it. Since that accident the bells are fastened to the floor with padlocks and chains.

Ivan the Terrible was married six times. The Russian Church allows only three marriages, and in one of the churches a place is shown just outside the consecrated part, where he was obliged to sit to hear divine service, with his last three wives. Ivan had three sons; the eldest he killed with a blow from a bar of iron; the second son, Feodor, became epileptic, and was therefore, by Russian law, unable to reign; little Demetri was the third son. Boris, the brother-in-law of Feodor, became Regent. He found power very attractive, and tried first of all to usurp the throne by declaring that Demetri, being the son of the fourth wife, was illegitimate, but the people were too much attached to the old dynasty to accept this argument. He accordingly induced the child's attendants to leave him unguarded for half-an-hour in one of the courtyards of the Kremlin. When they returned all traces of the boy had disappeared. Boris gave out that the child was epileptic and had been placed under restraint, which seemed a probable enough story, and there were no immediate heirs to contradict it, as his sister was childless, so Boris usurped the throne and assumed the title of Emperor.

In later years a false Demetri arose, saying he had escaped from prison. In person he was very like the Imperial family, and his cause was taken up with great warmth, especially in Poland, to which country he said he had escaped, and he found many powerful supporters, who provided him with soldiers and money. He succeeded in defeating Boris, whom he put to death, and seized the throne. He ruled neither well nor wisely, and was finally exposed by some one who seems to have known him well. The nobility

took up arms against him, and his army was defeated. He threw himself from a window in the Kremlin as the nobles and their soldiers were entering to take him prisoner.

Boris had had the remains of little Demetri exhumed, and re-interred in one of the churches of the Kremlin. The Russian Church canonised the little Demetri, a martyr to love of power.

Shortly after the death of Boris, the soldier who had killed the child, and a housemaid who saw the wicked deed perpetrated, both confessed the crime. Michael Romanoff, then a boy of sixteen years, was elected by the nobility as their Emperor. His father had been viewed with suspicion and dislike by Boris, who forced him into a monastery. Michael was a wise ruler, and soon brought order and tranquillity to reign where all had been discord and chaos. He had also family claims upon the throne, as two of the former Empresses had belonged to the house of Romanoff.

Outside the gates of the Kremlin is a little church or shrine, in which is kept the "miracle-working" image. It is guarded day and night, and priests are set aside for its sole service. Should any one be ill and send for this image, it is placed in a carriage and guarded by two priests and taken to the house, where it is left for an hour or two; prayers are said and offerings are made. There is no specific charge made for the use of the image, but those requiring its intercession are supposed to give offerings or a present according to their means.

The Kremlin has five gates, each one guarded by two copper-covered turrets. The copper has turned green with age and the influences of the weather, and looks very picturesque. One of these gates is the far-famed sacred gate. On it is hung a picture of our Saviour, and all who pass beneath it do so bareheaded.

At some little distance from the town is the palace in which Napoleon slept during his occupation of Moscow. In one of the yards of the Kremlin are hundreds of French cannons, abandoned during the calamitous retreat from Moscow. Tolstoi says in his great work, *War and Peace*, that the French were defeated, not through human agency, but as the direct will of God, and laughs to scorn the idea that the General who retreated, and got the Moscow folks to fire their own residences, was actuated by

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CHAPTER XIII

LOST IN THE FOREST

military motives, he says it was all pure fate. I do not know, but almost all Russians give the General credit for a far-seeing policy; certainly the results justified his actions.

While we were in Moscow the Empress thought she would like to have the children's portraits painted, so an artist was engaged to paint them. They were aged at this time four years, two and a half years, and two months. He began by taking innumerable photographs of the

WE returned to Tsarskoe Selo from Moscow, and stayed there until we went to Peterhoff.

The Imperial estate in Peterhoff is a perquisite of the Consorts of the Russian monarchs. It is settled on them for life. It belongs at present to the Dowager



A WONDERFUL MONASTERY AT INKERMANN, HEWN OUT OF THE SIDE OF THE GREAT CLIFF

The monks are very proud of their extraordinary dwelling.

children, then he made a collection of all existing likenesses, and then found he could not paint from photographs. He explained to me that it would not be artistic to do so. I begged of him to remember what babies they were, and to work from photographs. But, no! even to paint their frocks he insisted upon them sitting to him for three or four hours each day. Of course the poor children got very impatient, and one day the little Grand Duchess Olga lost her temper, and said to the artist, "You are a very ugly man, and I don't like you a bit." To my amazement he was exceedingly displeased, and replied, "You are the first lady who has ever said I was ugly; and moreover, I'm not a man, I'm a gentleman." He could not understand why I laughed.

Empress, at her death it will pass to the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna.

The story of Peterhoff is as follows:—When Nicholas I. was a young man he paid a visit to Darmstadt. A tournament was arranged and the young Grand Duke acquitted himself bravely. Afterwards all who took part in the tournament rode up under the balcony where the ladies of the family were seated. The young Princess Marie of Hessenland threw him a wreath of roses which he caught on his sword. An attachment speedily sprang up between the couple, and they were married. When he became Emperor he bought what is now the private park at Peterhoff, and built a residence in it, which he named The Cottage. In memory of their first meeting the Empress said that everything in the

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house should bear the device of a wreath of roses on a sword.

The Dowager Empress, our Queen's sister, is a very attractive person. She has the full rich voice and the exquisite tact which belong to the Danish family, as well as their youthful looks.

From Peterhoff we went to Belôvege near the borders of Poland for shooting. There is a great forest as large as the whole of Ireland, in parts it is trackless. People are often lost there, and wander round and round in a circle, cutting notches in trees as they pass them, and dead bodies are frequently found there. A few weeks before we arrived, the dead body of a traveller was found only a few minutes' walk from safety.

The late Emperor had a clearing made of almost three and a half square miles, and built a small palace on a slight elevation. There are prettily-laid-out gardens, and the building itself is picturesque. Inside it is much decorated, and one room would delight a philatelist. It is altogether decorated with stamps. Walls, furniture, everything is covered with old postage stamps. It has the effect of curious-looking mosaic. I have been told that many of the stamps are very valuable specimens. The mere work of sticking them on must have been tremendous.

Just before we went to Belôvege there had been an outbreak of smallpox in the village and surrounding country. It was treated in what is called the Swedish method. Every patient was vaccinated seven times on successive days. The treatment was most successful; there had been two hundred and fifty cases, and four of them were babies under a year old. Not a single patient died, nor were any of them disfigured.

From Belôvege we went to Spala in Poland for shooting. Here there is little big game, and the forest is much smaller than that of Belôvege, being only about as large as Yorkshire.

Various surprises had been arranged for the children. In a little orchard a tea-house had been built and about a dozen tame deer turned in, besides tame pheasants, hares, etc. These creatures would all come and eat from our hands, and the deer would follow me about everywhere, lay their pretty heads on my arm, and, looking beseechingly in my face, seem to beg for notice. The Grand Duchess Tatiana named

them "the pretty creatures," and by this name they were henceforth known. Outside the palings enclosing this fairy land flowed a river in which swam all manner of water-fowl, which would come to be fed; so it was a regular paradise for children.

A further surprise awaited them in the shape of a little goat-carriage drawn by a pair of goats, each led by a boy in Polish costume, a long frock-coat of white homespun, decorated with black braid, and a high-crowned black felt hat, trimmed gaily with bands of black velvet ribbon, coloured paper flowers, and a rosette of different-coloured ribbons. The trimming was pinned on the hat.

CHAPTER XIV

THE YOUNG OFFICER AND THE DOLLS

WE went to the Crimea on leaving Spala, travelling amidst high mountains clothed with trees, most beautiful in their autumn colouring; I never saw such foliage. At Inkermann, in the Crimea, is a wonderful monastery hewn in the side of a great cliff. Nature made most of the caves which are used as rooms, but the monks themselves did much excavation. The windows and doors are manufactured, and the monastery is well furnished and contains a very beautiful church. The brethren are very proud of their rock dwelling.

Shortly after leaving Inkermann we arrived in Sevastopol. The Russians pronounce it Sevasto'pol, with the accent on the third syllable. Sevastopol would appear quite impregnable, situated as it is on high barren cliffs rising straight out of the water; one wonders how the allied armies ever effected a landing. I was looking at it, thinking of these things, when Baron M., who is a General of a Cossack regiment, asked me of what I was thinking. I told him, and with a twinkle in his eyes he told me the following yarn. "You see," said he, "the poor Russians were very hungry, and the cook prepared a particularly nice dinner. They all ran off when they heard the dinner-bell, and the English calmly walked in, and when the Russians returned the English were waiting for their dinner *inside* the town. It was a great shock to the Russians."

I thanked him politely for his addition to my knowledge of history, and he told me he would always be very happy to supplement

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my education, but that if what I heard from him was different from what I had heard, I could believe whichever version I liked.

We only stayed one day at Sevastopol that time, and proceeded by sea to Yalta. The Black Sea is usually very rough, and this time was no exception. The journey from Sevastopol to Yalta is about fourteen hours long; we had sailed in the night, so we arrived early next day. It was a great relief to be once more on *terra firma*.

Yalta is a pretty little town with a large holiday population; out of season there are very few people. The shops are shut, and the owners of them start to the Caucasus or to the more remote parts of Russia, and buy or sell there. Many of the shopkeepers are Jews, some are Armenians.

One shop I knew was kept by a little Armenian woman and her husband. She had been rescued by some missionaries and placed in an English mission school, where she learned to speak English. She adored Mr. Gladstone, and quite believed that he was inspired. She had a nice little shop with all manner of Eastern articles, Caucasian silver and pretty things suitable for presents. Some of these fancy trifles are very reasonable in price, whilst others are more expensive than in London. Silver is, however, cheap and the articles are quaint.

Livadia, as the Emperor's place is called, is half-way up a mountain, and is surrounded by vast vineyards sloping down to the sea. The grapes are delicious. The Black Sea, like the Baltic, is tideless. At Livadia is a stony beach where the children played every morning. They would get on their paddling drawers and shoes, and go wading in the sun-warmed water and gather pebbles.

On one occasion I was taking them home when we met a young officer from the Standart. He asked them what they had in their hands, and the children showed the little bits of green stones they had picked up, and gravely asked him to keep them if he would like to. He took a little stone from each child, and when I afterwards saw them they were mounted in gold and attached to his watch-chain. He said he would not part with them for any earthly consideration, the children having found them themselves and offered them to him.

Indeed it was very amusing to see the way in which people regarded these little maidens. On one occasion we were getting into the carriage at Peterhoff when an officer

came running over to say good-morning. The little Grand Duchesses, who were friendly creatures, began to talk to him, and one of them took a little wooden toy from her pocket and asked him if he would like it. He was much pleased, and afterwards turned to me and said he was in trouble, and seeing the children coming out, thought that if he could reach the carriage in time to bow to the children, he would find a way out of his troubles. "And see," said he, "not only did I bow to them, but I kissed their hands, and received a little toy from one of them. I shall keep that toy as long as I live." When next I met



THE THREE OLDEST DAUGHTERS OF THE CZAR

They are very simple, sweet, happy children.

him he told me the omen had been verified, and he had found a way out of his trouble.

There was a tall young German officer in the Guards, and he used to ask the Grand Duchess Olga for a doll; a little tiny one that he could keep in his pocket and play with while he was on guard would give him much pleasure, so he declared. Poor little Olga Nicolaivna did not know if he was joking or in earnest. I told her I was sure the doll would give him much pleasure, and that it should be a very small one. She presently brought me a couple of very tiny dolls dressed as boys, one minus a foot,

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THE CZARINA BUSY WITH A WORK-PARTY OF NOBLE RUSSIAN LADIES PREPARING GARMENTS FOR THE SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT

The asterisk indicates Her Imperial Majesty.

the other without an arm. I said I thought it would be better to give unbroken dolls, and she replied, "Yes, but these are boys and he is a man, I am afraid he would not like a little girl dollie." I then told her to ask him when she saw him.

Next morning the doll was put into her pocket, and in the course of our walk we met Captain S., who immediately began to reproach her for having forgotten how lonely he was and what company a little doll would be to him. She plunged her hand into her pocket and produced the doll, holding it behind her back. "Which would you rather have," she said seriously, "a boy or a girl doll?" He answered quite seriously, "A little girl doll would be like you, and I should love it very much, but a boy would be very companionable." She was quite delighted and gave him the doll, saying, "I am glad, I was so afraid you would not like the girl." He put the doll away most carefully.

Shortly afterwards the young officer went for his holidays. When he returned, the first day he saw the little Grand Duchess he began as formerly to beg for a doll. She said reproachfully, "Is it possible you have

already broken the nice little doll I gave you?" With great tact he explained that the little doll was lonely all by itself, and wanted a companion, and that it did not matter if it was broken; so another dollie was carried about for several days till she met him again and gave it to him.

The next property to Livadia is Orianda. It formerly belonged to the Grand Duke Constantine, but the Emperor recently bought it. Unfortunately the house was burned down seven years ago and has never been rebuilt. I expect it will be prepared for the Czarovitch when he is grown up. Little except the foundations remain.

The grounds of Orianda are very pretty, and we frequently took tea there. There are shallow basins in the grounds with gold-fish. When we returned to the Crimea two years after, the gold-fish had disappeared. I asked what had become of them. The man said, "Alas! we wanted to clean out their little lakes, so with great care we captured the gold-fish and put them into the large pond in which the swans live, but we could not find them again." "No," said I, "of course not, the swans ate them." He held up his hands and exclaimed in horror, "Oh, no, miss; those swans are particularly tame, his Majesty takes great notice of them, they would never eat anything that belonged to the Emperor."

In walking through Yalta one hears so many different tongues, and sees so many nationalities, that I was reminded of the day of Pentecost in Jerusalem. Here you meet a Turkish family, the women all closely veiled with the exception of one eye with which they closely scrutinise you. It makes you uncomfortable to see the one eye gazing at you and not to see anything in return.

Again, you will meet Tartars, lively-looking people, tall, generally slight and athletic-looking. They would need to be athletic, as they generally perch their villages on the top of an almost inaccessible cliff. They all dye their hair a vivid red, and the married women blacken their teeth and paint the palms of their hands. The unmarried Tartar women only dye the hair; they wear on their heads a little round velvet cap with a veil hanging behind. This veil is of a sort of canvas, and is embroidered with gold and silver.

There are many Greeks, who seem to do nothing but sleep in the sun. They manage

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to live, however, and are, I believe, very shrewd in business. They seem contented with things in general though they are both ragged and dirty. Armenians, Greeks, full-blooded Russians, all in native costumes, make up a very pretty scene.

The Karaites are principally found in Odessa and the Crimea. These are a race of Tartars who profess Judaism. They are a small tribe, only about ten thousand in all Russia. They are very good citizens, quite the best among the alien races in Russia. Their Judaism is of the Old Testament, and they entirely reject the Talmud. But to Western minds their ideas are peculiar and very wrong. Their women are taught no religion and can only hope to be saved through the intervention of their husbands, consequently their girls are married very young. They are physically superior to the Jews, but they do not seem to increase rapidly. I met a Karaite family—well-educated, nicely-mannered people they were, some of them very handsome. They speak Russian even in their own houses, not the Tartar language, and are considered in every respect except religion as Russians.

It was while we were in the Crimea that the Emperor had typhoid fever. It was raging all round us at the time. At Ai Toder there were sixteen or seventeen cases. It was very bad in various Tartar villages higher up the mountain. Those five weeks while he was lying ill were

a very anxious time for the household, and great were the rejoicings when he recovered.

A little friend of the children, Paul, was ill at the same time with pneumonia. The doctors said recovery was doubtful. The Empress told me to call round there with the children in the carriage, and take poor little Paul a few roses and anything likely to tempt his appetite. Accordingly we got a few roses, packed a basket with delicacies and went to inquire. The whole household was in despair, they had had a visit from a specialist that day, and his verdict had been unfavourable. We saw the children's English governess, and she gave me a very sad account of poor little Paul. She took up the roses and basket, and told him the Imperial children had brought them to him, and were down in the garden waiting to know how he was.

Paul sent his thanks to the children and then said, "Send Daria to me." The little sister was accordingly sent for, and came into the room in a very subdued and meek manner to receive Paul's parting charges. "Daria," said the supposed dying child, "you see the Imperial children think a great deal more of me than they do of you; when you had a cold they did not even send to inquire by telephone. They have come *themselves*, and have brought me all those good things; I am going to eat them and get well." Comforted with this thought he fell asleep, and eventually did get well.

(To be continued.)



THIS, STRONG, ROUGHLY-BUILT TRAVELLING CARRIAGE IS USED FOR "NEGOTIATING" THE RUGGED ROADS IN THE CRIMEA

LONDON'S MOTOR OMNIBUSES

What will their future be?

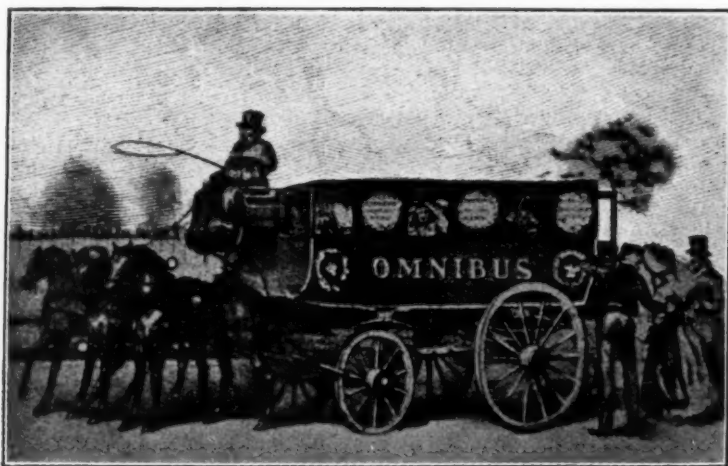
ELECTRIC TRAMS
v.
MOTOR 'BUSES



WHEN, by the passing of the Light Locomotives on Highways Act of 1896, the restrictions pertaining to self-propelled road vehicles in this country were removed, engineers naturally turned to the problem of passenger transit as the most remunerative field for their efforts. At this stage, however, the only reliable motive power was steam, and although several attempts were made to run steam motor omnibuses, it was found practically impossible to construct serviceable double-deck omnibuses suitable for London traffic, owing chiefly to the difficulty experienced

in devising any satisfactory method of carrying away or destroying the smoke from the fires which are of course necessary with the steam engine and boiler.

Several novel arrangements were suggested of getting over this difficulty, and some were actually tried in practice, but were quickly abandoned, and I think I am correct in stating that only one double-deck steam omnibus was ever run for any length of time in the London streets; this was in use some three or four years ago, and was a familiar sight to frequenters of the route between Hammersmith and Oxford Circus.



THE FIRST LONDON OMNIBUS

The contrast between this and the picture at the top of the page is certainly striking.

London's Motor Omnibuses

It ran a fairly successful trial for four months, but was then taken off, as at this period the internal combustion engine was developing rapidly, and it was recognised that it would soon replace the steam engine and necessary adjuncts as a propelling agent for public service vehicles, owing to the great advantage gained in bulk, cleanliness, ease of manipulation, etc.

An illustration of the steam omnibus is given on the next page, and it will be noticed that the smoke nuisance was overcome as far as possible by using a long funnel which reached to the top of a canopy on the upper deck. This, as will be seen, however, was but an awkward-looking arrangement, and I doubt also whether it completely got over the inconvenience experienced from the smoke and flying sparks. In appearance it certainly compares unfavourably with the present elegant motor 'bus, as the photographs go to prove.

It is a simple matter to construct satisfactory steam omnibuses carrying all their passengers inside, and many of these are at present in use in rural districts, and a few are to be seen in the Metropolis, but of course they do not meet the general requirements of town service and cannot be worked at so great a profit as the double-deck variety, neither do they meet the demands of those who delight in climbing to the top of a London 'bus "to get the air," or to view the sights of the city.

From the time of the withdrawal of the old steam omnibus to the present day experiments have been proceeding with the petrol public service vehicle, which at the present time has reached a point of efficiency compatible with the requirements of London



A CONTRAST IN DIMENSIONS !

A scene of distress on the garden-seat of a tram.

(Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Gordon Browne.)

passenger traffic. The degree of perfection aimed at is a vehicle which shall be reliable, dexterous, swift, silent, and, above all, capable of "living" long enough to prevent the depreciation running away with the profits. All these qualifications may be safely claimed for the present type.

What are the benefits to be derived from the new motor omnibuses? Perhaps the item which will appeal mostly to the passenger is that of swifter transit from one point to another. The average speed of the motor omnibus may safely be taken at ten or twelve miles an hour, against six or seven



THIS 'BUS IS NOW FAMILIAR TO THOSE WHOSE JOURNEYINGS TAKE THEM
WESTWARDS UP THE NORTH BANK OF THE THAMES

London's Motor Omnibuses

THIS
MOTOR 'BUS IS
NOW
FAMILIAR ON THE SOUTH
SIDE OF THE
THAMES

Duplicates of it are being
put on the streets as fast as
the manufacturers can supply
them.



by the horse vehicle. Greater seating capacity (the motor 'bus seats thirty-six passengers against the horse omnibus's twenty-six) and more comfortable running are other advantages of the new type. From the outlook of the road authorities, reduced congestion of traffic and cleanliness are points in their favour. It is estimated that the motor will replace two horse vehicles,

and this is a matter worth attention in the Metropolis, where the traffic problem is a question of grave import. There are now about 2500 horse 'buses running in London, and these would be reduced to half the number of quieter, cleaner, and infinitely more comfortable vehicles. Again, the motor vehicle, with its rubber tyres, does not damage the road surface to anything like



A
PIONEER OF
THE
HORSELESS
'BUS

A steam omnibus
that was well known
on London streets a
few years ago. Notice
the funnel on the
extreme left of the
picture.

Now on the retired
list

London's Motor Omnibuses

**THE
HALFPENNY MOTOR
OMNIBUS IS
A GREAT
BOON**

This one is run in connexion with the south-side trams, as the latter are not allowed to cross the Thames bridges.



the extent which is experienced from the iron-shod hoofs of the horse and the narrow tyres of the old vehicle.

The London Road Car Company was among the first to experiment with self-propelled omnibuses, and it was this company which ran the steam 'bus referred to above, and which is at present the largest

user of the new vehicle. The London General, Star Omnibus Co., Associated Omnibus Co., Messrs. Tillings, and, in fact, all the other existing companies are procuring them as fast as the makers can supply. And in addition there are several new companies which have been floated with the express purpose of establishing



HOLD TIGHT !

An agonising scene produced by the sudden starting of a great heavy lumbering omnibus. The scene may be exaggerated, but it is certainly not imaginary.

(Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Gordon Erskine)

London's Motor Omnibuses

IT IS
QUITE EASY
TO
TRANSFORM
THE
MOTOR
OMNIBUS
INTO A
CHAR-À-BANC
FOR USE
ON BANK
HOLIDAYS
AND OTHER
OCCASIONS

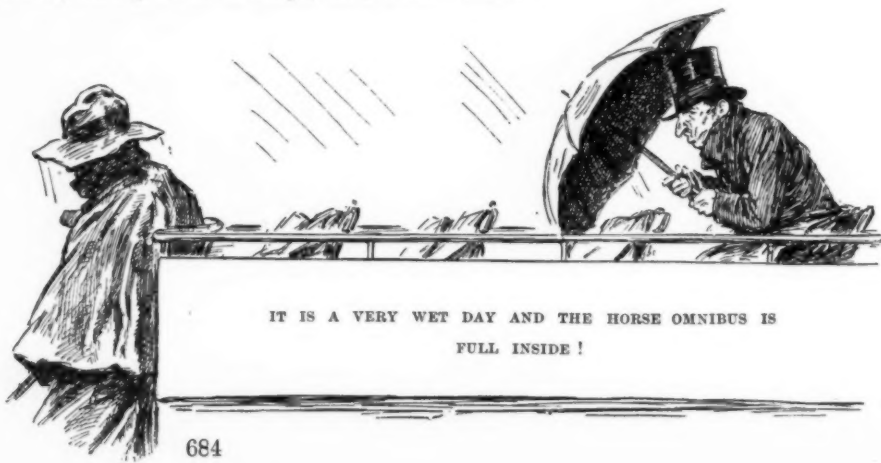


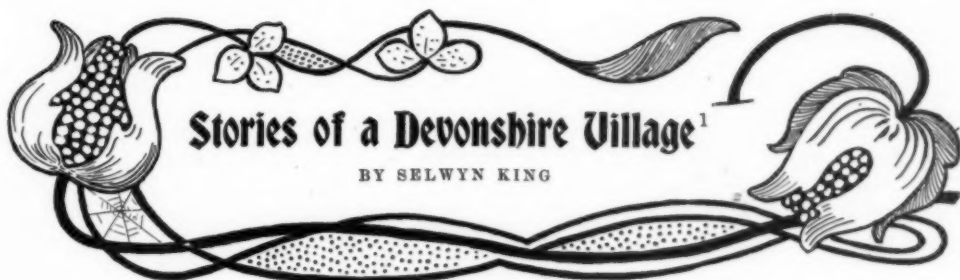
systems of motor omnibuses in London. One of the chief of the new concerns is the London Motor Omnibus Co., and they have already placed orders for 100 double-deck motor omnibuses. The routes they will run over are—Liverpool Street *via* Piccadilly Circus to Hammersmith, London Bridge *via* Charing Cross to Putney, Kilburn to Charing Cross, Hammersmith *via* Shepherd's Bush to Oxford Street and City, Charing Cross to Hammersmith *via* Victoria, and Cricklewood *via* Marble Arch to Victoria.

Another advantage possessed by the motor omnibus is that the body is quite a distinct part and is simply bolted on to the frame of the chassis. It is therefore quite a simple matter to replace the 'bus body by another, and the vehicle can be used, if desired, during Bank holidays, etc., when

they are not required on their usual routes, as *chars-à-bancs* for excursions into the country.

The future of the motor omnibus is still very much debated, and there is wide divergence of opinion on the matter. Some enthusiasts contend that the motor omnibus will soon supersede the electric tram. If this prophecy were realised, the municipalities who have expended large sums on tram services of which they have been justly proud would be very uncomfortable. But they are showing no uneasiness. They are, on the contrary, disposed to welcome the motor omnibuses as a useful adjunct to the electric trams, feeling confident, at the same time, that they will never take the place of the trams.





II.—Joe and His Three Wives

WE dwellers in Tor are of an independent nature, and have the great gift of "a gude conceit o' oursels." These traits of character, and the comparative isolation of Tor, have conserved for us several original specimens of the human species, who have refused to be turned out exactly after the pattern of every one else. These are principally to be found among the older inhabitants, and are already fast dying out before the Board School and the Railway.

One of these characters, who lived some few years ago, had been by turn Baptist, Wesleyan, and Church of England. With each of these religious bodies he felt that he was an unappreciated blessing, and finally decided upon being an Independent. It is probable that even here his transcendent merit might not have been properly recognised, and a consequent "move on" to the Bible Christians been effected, had not death suddenly called him to a greater change. He honestly believed himself the most advanced Christian in Tor, and calmly assured the curate of that time, "There's no one in Tor, Mr. Black, that you can enjoy such a good Christian conversation with as 'ee can wi' me." Yet he was not a hypocrite, but was generally respected by his neighbours. His frequent changes from one Church to another might be commented on, for Tor is exceedingly conservative in matters of religion, but they knew him for an honest upright man, and trusted him accordingly.

Joe, as he was familiarly called in Tor, had been somewhat unfortunate in his matrimonial affairs, and had been to the "burying" of three wives. At this time he had a young girl relative, acting as housekeeper. Joe did not care for the state of single blessedness, and during his later years was much exercised in his mind

as to the best way of getting out of it. Advances made in one or two directions had been summarily snubbed, one damsel speaking her mind with a charming frankness, and declaring "he were a stupid old man to think her were goin' to marry her grandfeyther."

Joe determined to get spiritual counsel on the matter, and opened his heart to Mr. Cunliffe, the Independent minister. "'Ee see, sir, Mattie be a willing maid, but her be no cook, and it do give a man at my time o' life bad health to have had cooked food, so it do seem as if I ought to have a wife, but then, on the other hand, it may be the Lord means I to carry this cross. What do 'ee think, sir, be I meant to marry or not?"

Mr. Cunliffe was never sure what advice he gave to the bewildered seeker after "the Lord's will."

To the curate (a young man) Joe was fond of giving advice: "Now, sir, you do be young and a personable man, and the young maids do be fond o' 'ee, but do 'ee 'be content wi' such things as ye have,' and take care not to be led away by the desire for money. I have heard as you be courtin' Miss Olive, and she be a rare good maid, but be 'ee sure o' yourself, sir, for 'the love of money is the root of all evil.'"

It is doubtful whether the curate ever got Joe to believe that Rumour had lied in associating his name with Miss Olive's, and therefore he could not be guilty of mercenary motives with regard to her, until the fact of Miss Olive's engagement to "a stranger" was so universally known and acknowledged, that even Joe was at last obliged most unwillingly to admit that for once in his life he had made a mistake.

Although not so sober, as a body, as the Cornish boatmen and fishermen, the Tor

¹ Each story in this series is complete in itself.

Stories of a Devonshire Village

boatmen have many honest, sober, industrious men among them. More than one has risked his life in saving a child from drowning, for the edge of the Quay is unprotected, and it is a favourite playground of the children. Very rarely is there one drowned, but it is not an uncommon occurrence for one to fall over, and the excitement is great while the danger lasts. One of the men holds the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving more than one child who had so fallen in.

His old father might almost be taken for an old-time Puritan. He will tell how in "old Passon Beara's time the school-treat was held in Fort Field, and they had music and kiss-in-the-ring, and even dancing. What do 'ee think o' that?"

"Ah then," remarked one of his audience on one occasion, "I take it you do not approve of dancing, Warren."

"No, sir," is the energetic answer, "it's potshards of the earth, that's what I call it."

His questioner walked off looking bewildered, and for the rest of the evening afforded his wife and family much amusement by his abstraction and absence of mind. He was puzzling over and trying to find the meaning of Warren's simile. Did he succeed? If so, he never told me.

When an open-air service was held on the Quay by the Vicar, Warren's astonishment was great at the simple gospel address given. A Plymouth Brother himself, he looked on the Church of England as only a shade less scarlet than the Church of Rome, the latter being to him the essence of error. "Is that how they preach in the church, sir," he asked a fellow Nonconformist, "or do they just put it on out here?"—"Oh no, Warren, that is just how the Vicar preaches in the church."—"Well, I'd never have thought it," was the surprised reply.

Puritan in his old age, he had been a smuggler in his youth, and could tell many a tale of narrow escapes from the Preventive men. Was not the owner of the smuggler craft himself once carried on shore packed in a barrel, like the innocent herrings that hid the incriminating portion of the cargo! I am afraid Warren never altogether lost a certain sense of enjoyment even in the memory of those old wild days, and always thought he ought to be more ashamed of them than he really was. Tor never thought the less of him for them, but then more than half the men of

Tor were smugglers themselves in those days.

A striking contrast to Warren in many ways was Mrs. Friendship. A lively old lady was she, always brave, always energetic, and in spite of the fact that she was nearly ninety years old, she loved to work even to the last. The only time during her later years she was ever known to shed tears, was the day when she found her "right hand had lost its cunning" so far that she was no longer able to peel the potatoes. But her knitting remained, and day after day she might be seen sitting by the old-fashioned open grate in winter, and in the open doorway in the summer, busily employed on socks or jerseys, and the comforters much used by a sea-faring population.

Although so very cheery then, she had passed through storms of trouble, and there was one awful night in her life, of which she rarely spoke, and then in very few words, when the roar of the sea was heard inland for miles, and the adult population of Tor never closed their eyes in sleep. The wind and the sea were fighting one of their most terrible battles, and the fishing fleet were "out." So for the longest night she had ever known, Mrs. Friendship waited, and watched, and prayed, until in the morning the suspense was ended, and news came. "The *Sea-Mew* wrecked off the Point, and all hands lost." Mrs. Friendship was a childless widow, husband and three sons all claimed by the pitiless sea.

That was many years before I knew her, but the neighbours still sent for her when trouble of any kind came upon them. "Other people want 'ee to tell them all about it, but her knows without any telling," was the comment of one who had been helped by Mrs. Friendship's loving sympathy. She was a living poem of beautiful old age, all the more lovely because perfectly unconscious of its beauty. Little children, tiresome with others, nestled down in her arms with a tired sob or contented sigh, and either lost their troubles in sleep or cooed in unmistakable happiness.

"Do you not get tired of living?" asked a visitor; "life must get so monotonous when you are no longer young and cannot go about, and enjoy yourself; I never want to live to be old!"—"O, m' dear, don't 'ee think that. Life's always interestin', the most interestin' thing I know, and it gets more interestin' as 'ee gets older, because

Stories of a Devonshire Village

'ee see more of it. When we'm young, we'm so busy over our own lives us have no time to look round on others, but when us gets older, us sees all kinds o' living. And then 'ee sees, m' tender, us understands so much more than us did when us were young. Then we'm always asking why and wherefore, and fretting because us don't get an answer, but sometimes, as the years go on, us begin to see what may-be is the reason o' some of what us couldn't understand, and us looks forward to know more, for 'tis real wonderful to see how things du fit in, after all. So I think the next life will be more interestin' still, and I shall find plenty in it, I quite think, but this life holds as much as I can take in at present, so I don't find it dull, and when the Lord thinks

I'm strong enough to understand a little more, He'll give me a new life to interest me. Don't 'ee be afraid of old age, m' dear; whether life's sorrowful or joyful, 'tis always interestin' if only 'ee keep the windows wide open enough towards heaven for the soul to see through."

Mrs. Friendship was not a Tor woman by birth. Until she was married and came to make her home at Tor, she came on periodical visits to her aunt, who had married a Tor man. Long visits they were, for the journey from her inland home was in those days troublesome, and not unattended with danger. Her memory went back to the old coaching days, when highwaymen and footpads infested the principal roads, and people avoided journeying after dusk if possible. One of the



THE DAMSEL SPOKE HER MIND VERY FRANKLY TO JOE, TELLING HIM THAT HE WAS VERY STUPID IF HE THOUGHT SHE WAS GOING TO MARRY HER GRANDFATHER

delights of my childhood was to listen to the exciting tales of adventure with these gentry, which she would relate in a most dramatic manner, for she was a born raconteur.

A very favourite story with me was the following, its chief charm to an imaginative child being the atmosphere of unsolved mystery by which it was surrounded. "My father kept an inn in a small village, through which ran the principal highway of the district. It was a good deal frequented by wagoners and teamsters of all kinds, who were in the habit of putting up there for a night before going further on their journey. About the time I am telling 'ee of, there were a good many reports of audacious highway robberies going about. The coach had

Stories of a Devonshire Village

been stopped on its way to Tavistock, and its passengers robbed, solitary travellers here and there in the neighbourhood had been forced to 'stand and deliver,' and in one case, where resistance had been made, the victim had been shot dead. So the hearts of many of the men who called at 'The Old Key' had become as weak as water.

"One evening in late autumn, when the days began to close in early, and there was even a touch of keen frost in the air, for I mind me winter set in early that year, Jim Trick the wagoner was driving his plodding horses slowly along, for they were tired, and the roads heavy, and, spite of all his efforts, he couldn't get them to hurry. He was sore afraid of being out after nightfall, for he minded the tales he

fright a bit, the highwaymen not having meddled with women much, so he'd heard. He stopped his horses, and with his whip in his hand he crossed the field to the edge of the wood, but not without many misgivings. The cries came at intervals, and at last he shouted in reply. He was answered at once, 'Here, this way, O do help me!' He went in the direction of the voice, and just then the moon came out from under a cloud. Jim saw by its light, bound to a tree by strong cords, what he described 'as the purtiest maid I ever seed in my life, half-naked.' Just as he caught sight of her the moon went under again, and Jim, seized by a feeling of uncontrollable panic, turned and fled back to his horses without a word.

"Why the fit of fright took him he never could say, but it did, and he whipped up his horses with such vigour that they broke into a run, and never stopped until they drew up at 'The Old Key.' Jim staggered into the bar with his usual red face as white as 'crame,' and they had a rare task to get out of him what was amiss. But after a bit his fright grew less, and he even agreed to take my father and two or three other men to the wood, to set free the poor maid.

"The moon was clear now and gave plenty of light, and they took lanterns with them, and went well armed, for who could tell what mischief was afoot? My mother gave my father a large, warm cloak for the maid, but 'twas all no use. They got to the wood safe enough, and never met a soul on the road, yet search that wood as they might, they never caught a sight o' the maid. They would have believed Jim had dropped off asleep and dreamt it all, only that against one of the trees they found a length of new cord which had just been cut. What was she doing there? Who put her there?

"My father had his suspicions that she might be a trap laid by the highwaymen, who hadn't expected a poor wagoner to answer her cries, so let him go without showing themselves. Some of the other men thought Jim had drank too much strong ale to see clearly, and mistook a peeled branch in the moonlight, although Jim seemed sober enough when he led them back to the wood; but be that as it may, nothing more was ever heard or seen of th' pretty maid."



TWIN SOULS

Tramp.—Honest, boss, I don't know where me next meal is comin' from.

Newsted.—Neither do I. Our cook left this morning.

(From New York Puck. By permission.)

had been hearing lately. The twilight began to fall when he was still some miles away from 'The Old Key,' and by the time he reached Copse Dene, which was two miles away, night was upon him.

"Howsoever, he went along slowly and quietly enough for another half-mile, and was just passing a small wood, which was the other side of a field on his right, when he heard a loud cry of 'Help! help!' His first impulse was to take no notice, and get on as fast as possible, but the cry came again, and this time he recognised it as a woman's voice. This lessened his

(The third of these racy Devonshire sketches will appear in the LEISURE HOUR for July.)

Let us Talk it Over!

HELPFUL CHATS WITH MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

WHAT'S THE USE OF HOLIDAYS?

If we are quite well and quite happy at home, let us go nowhere else in the holidays. Happiness and well-being are the *sumum bonum* of existence; if we possess them and sacrifice them to the astonishment at our unconventionality which our neighbours would possibly express, probably without feeling it at all—our neighbours all take us superficially if we only knew—then we are giving real jewels of independence and personal initiative and mental freedom for fairy gold.

To take recurrent holidays has become a fetish. Some people really need a periodical outing, will be benefited if they can exchange for a while the noise of town for the peace of the country, or the dullness of the country for the circulating life, the picturesque shops, the public entertainments available in towns. But to the bulk of mankind home is a pleasant place; if not, their first effort should be, not to get away from it, but to discover what is wrong with it that can be rectified. When young people are trained to regard home as a place to escape from, pleasure being expected only outside it, then one of the richest sources of life-long happiness has been destroyed. Unless young people live amid unhealthy conditions, it is unnecessary that they go away from home in their vacations.¹ The change from the routine of school to the freedom and comparative idleness of home is in itself immense, and does not need supplementing. Let any mother think this over for herself, and she will admit the truth of the statement; though, if she have got into the groove of the family summer outing, she will say with a groan, that all the same she and her house will have to go to the seaside as usual, and she will heroically begin her preparations for the inevitable annual migration.

THE SEASIDE A DOUBTFUL BOON

Of course the young people enjoy the sea and the boats and the band on the pier; and the long hours in the open air send them home looking brown and healthy; but there are drawbacks that correspond to the benefits, and one must be weighed against the other before a just conclusion can be arrived at. I am of the opinion that an entire change of country, it may be, once in three or four years, would be more educative, more helpful, more conducive to happiness and progress than the stereotyped yearly outing, which ultimately costs as much, enriches the mind not at all, and, taking one household with another, proves a doubtful boon to the health of the community.

The people to whom change is blessed are those who are jaded and fagged by routine that has known no alleviations till it has become an oppression; who are growing embittered by either the emptiness of their life or its responsibilities, till the ways, harmless in themselves, of their nearest and dearest have become irksome. Then the mere getting away is deliverance. The conditions of change need not necessarily be better, so long as they are different it will suffice.

BE MERCIFUL

Usually we are not merciful enough in our judgment of people whom we find unlovely. Are they irritable, we answer with a light taunt; are they habitual fault-finders, we disregard even the truth that is in their censure and go our own way. It does not occur to us that they are invalids with tired brains and jangled nerves, the result not necessarily of some supreme effort that would be its own reward, but of the long contest against trivial circumstances in which victory does not bring distinction. The tired mother would profit by the annual change if she went alone, the young people to have the genuine pleasure and benefit of doing her work in her absence, and the variety of going to her for a day now and then; the vigorous mother is all right at home.

When people hurt and distress each other, there is no remedy but temporary separation. A hundred things fall into due perspective when we avoid their recurrence till the bruised spot has time to heal. Even stones rotating on each other will wear each other out. An entire and absolute rest before unhappiness has become constitutional would save the peace of many a household, and in less indissoluble unions would deliver many a soul.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. T. V. B.—There is a Scripture Question Competition in the *Sunday at Home*. From this your age would not exclude you. I fail to see why people should not be allowed to search the Scriptures because they are over seventeen. The *Sunday at Home* is published monthly at 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

Sad Flirt.—What an interesting experience to have two suitors, one in the naval and the other in the military service of the King! The combination makes me a little suspicious of your *bona fides*. Whether you are having a game or not, I tender my advice seriously. Tell the truth to No. 1. It makes life too complex when we mislead any one whom we think we love; no matter what may result from telling the truth in confidence to those who trust you, tell it all the same. You have done no harm; in life candour would save endless misery. As to marrying on nothing, the results will hurt you very much. People can be happy on a small income when both can earn money and have no false shame about doing so honestly, but where a woman can earn nothing and a man has barely what gives himself bread-and-butter, happiness in wedlock is impossible—more than that, self-respect is impossible. Our minds may be as high as the stars, but when we are habitually down at heel and out at elbows we grow downward. You are very young, you can afford to wait; meantime I should advise frankness towards each member of the triumvirate that affects your destiny. Not only for one's soul, but also for one's circumstances, I have no doubt that truth is always best.

¹ The Editor does not hold himself responsible for these heretical views of his contributor! He would like to have the views of his readers on the matter.

Let us Talk it Over!

Mrs. F.—of Grimsby.—As your difficulty was not quite suited to discussion here I wrote you a private letter. It has been returned to me. You therefore gave a false name and address. There is no compulsion to give your name at all if you would rather preserve your anonymity, the fictitious name and address are therefore doubly reprehensible. Personally I cannot understand why any one should resort to such a subterfuge.

Young Housekeeper. The inside of the oven should be kept scrupulously clean. The entire inside as well as the roof should be washed once a week. Any burnt substance on the shelves should be scraped off with an old knife. The oven should be kept open till it is dry. The heat of the oven should be tested with paper. If the paper becomes very brown the oven is too hot, if it retains its colour the oven is too cold, a good baking oven will turn the paper yellow. Once your cakes are put in, the door should not be opened until they may be considered baked.

G.—The founder of Homeopathy was Samuel Christian Friedrich Hahnemann, a German, born at Meissen in Germany in 1755, so that this is the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth.

Enquirer.—Two drops of camphor on the tooth-brush will make a very pleasant and sanitary mouth-wash, tending to heal any abrasions of the tongue or gums. Please use a pseudonym a little more distinctive when you write again.

Clara.—Full particulars of asylum nursing as an occupation for women appeared in the February and a subsequent issue of *The Girls' Own Paper*. Pay begins at £20, and may rise with promotion to £85, with board and residence. The work is in many respects less arduous than that of sick nurses. Prison wardresses are also well paid, and the calling is not overcrowded. Neither position is attractive at first sight, but both offer opportunities of very useful and helpful work, with fair remuneration.

Pool and Physician.—The reason why it is alleged that athletes are prone to more attacks of pneumonia than ordinary mortals is that all the air cells have been developed, and therefore there is a larger surface for the malady to occupy, also there is no latent lung space that may be called into action when the attack begins. In ordinary men and women about a third of the lung space is unused. Enlarged heart is another malady that besets athletes. In physical training it would seem that moderation is best.

Anxious Mother.—Your expressed wish ought to suffice to keep your sons from smoking. If they disregard that, and are indifferent to the fact that smoking stunts the growth of the young, discolours the teeth, and renders the smoker objectionable to a section of his kind, then you had better accept the position and let them openly do what you disapprove of. Nagging and murmuring wear out oneself. Cigarette smoking is said to be the most injurious of all ways of consuming tobacco, and a pipe the least harmful. Here is an interesting fact:—Leeches when applied to habitual cigarette smokers drop off dead; on examination traces of nicotine will be found in their bodies.

Tired.—Nervous headache can be relieved by an application of water as hot as it can be borne to the back of the neck. Either sponge the neck over a basin, or apply a hot-water bag to the back of the neck. The frontal headache is generally due

to worry. I know a lady whose habit of talking incessantly over the same circle of subjects day after day gives a pain like an abscess between the eyes to all who are compelled to listen to her. No doubt if the brain could be examined in such cases distinct signs of congestion after one of these killing interviews would be visible. The noise of machinery is bad enough, but it does not inflict suffering like the noise of a tongue with a persistent irritating thought behind it. If you have any nagging acquaintance drop him or her.

Tara.—I have never been to St. Helena, but I understand the climate is good, though the rainfall is considerable. Rents are not high, and boarding accommodation can be had. There is a good deal of sociability. Serge is a useful dress material, and can be worn almost all the year round. Shopping is not extensive, and visitors should take boots, shoes and gloves and have all the clothing they will require made up before going.

Job's Comforter.—The Association of Head Mistresses has recently issued a pamphlet entitled *The True Cost of Education*. The Association advocates that, in view of the cost of a teacher's training, and the necessity of making provision for her later years, a fully qualified teacher should begin with a salary of £105 to £120. For the second year the salary should rise to £150, and in schools that prepare for the university the salaries ought to rise to £300. They are nothing like these at present.

H. and H.—Travellers do not dress much on board ship, the discomforts of the situation preclude most people from making smart toilets, but those who are fit to leave their cabins usually make themselves nice for dinner without wearing evening dress. At hydros and private hotels a black lounge coat, black continuations and a black tie with evening shoes are ordinarily worn in the evening, and are correct, but a few men wear full evening dress and a few wear full morning dress. It will not be shocking to do whatever you like. Ladies usually wear semi-evening dress, never full evening dress. It is said to be better to appear under-dressed than over-dressed, but I cannot honestly say that this axiom works out in practice. In a vulgar age modest merit is not recognised; if you put a value on yourself and insist upon it I think it is more likely than not to be paid to you by the rank and file. Of course the select spirits will not accord you your terms unless they see your rights as well as your claims, but they are in such a small minority that in a census of heads they hardly count.

If one of our readers who is proficient in elocution and understands class teaching, and can control a class, would like a situation as teacher of elocution in a high-class ladies' school in one of the Colonies, will she please communicate with me? Good salary and travelling expenses.

Will any lady or gentleman please recommend a boys' school and a girls' school respectively (boarding schools) where children of their own have been satisfactorily educated. Schools wanted for a girl of fourteen and a boy of twelve. Parents live abroad. Not more than £80 per annum could be paid for each—this to include clothing and all extras.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.



BESIDE THE RIVER'S WOODED REACH,
THE FORTRESS, AND THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE,
THE CATARACT FLASHING FROM THE BRIDGE,
THE BREAKER BREAKING ON THE BEACH.

ALLAN BARRAUD

Specially drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Allan Barraud

A SCENE FROM TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam*, Canto LXXI.



Science and Discovery



BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

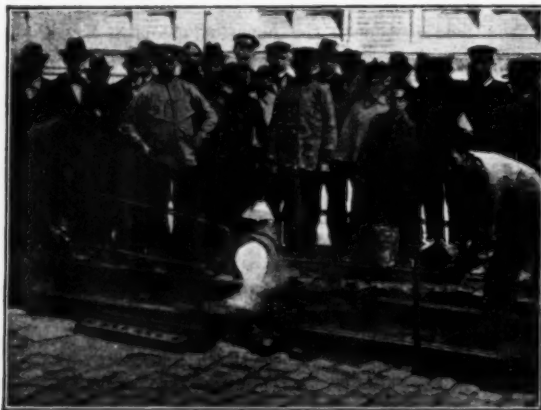
Music-Hall Magic

APPARENTLY the Music-hall public can easily be mystified by performances which are commonplace to any one familiar with scientific discoveries. Last year the properties of liquid air were used for tricks which were considered marvellous by people who knew nothing of Sir James Dewar's striking experiments at the Royal Institution; and now we have the same public amazed at the production of great heat and an iron casting from a simple-looking powder.

Freed from the glamour of the business, the performance is in no way remarkable, and is only a repetition of an experiment which has

crucible contains molten iron covered with a thick coating of alumina slag. The temperature produced in this way is about 5400 deg. Fahr., which is about 1800 deg. Fahr. higher than that reached during the hottest period of a Bessemer furnace.

There are many practical applications of this process for the production of high temperatures, which was introduced by Dr. Hans Goldschmidt about 1889, the most important being the welding of iron. The mixture of powders used for this purpose is known as Thermit. The accompanying illustration shows tramway rails in Brunswick being welded in the street by pouring a heated mixture of this kind into a box surrounding the ends to be joined. As soon as the part to be welded has taken up sufficient heat, the weld is accomplished by pressing the two parts together.



HEATING TRAMWAY RAILS FOR WELDING IN A STREET IN BRUNSWICK, GERMANY

The white-hot liquid flowing from the crucible is produced by igniting a powder with the flame of an ordinary match.

been known for several years and depends upon the combustibility of aluminium. Though a piece of aluminium does not ignite when heated in the ordinary way, the powdered metal burns as easily as the magnesium powder used for flash-light photography, and produces great heat in doing so. If powdered iron ore is mixed with aluminium powder and heated until they ignite, combustion will proceed steadily through the whole mixture, and the iron will be obtained from the ore just as it is in a smelting-furnace. To start the action it is only necessary to place at the top of the mixture of powdered ore and aluminium a pinch of aluminium powder mixed with certain other oxides, such as barium peroxide and a little magnesium or calcium carbide, and to ignite this powder with an ordinary match. The mixture then burns with a brilliant light, and in a minute or two the

The Indian Earthquake

THE disastrous earthquake in India on April 4, which caused the loss of about twenty thousand lives and the destruction of many buildings, was a terrible reminder that the mighty forces which upheaved the great range of the Himalaya are still in operation. The area of greatest disturbance was apparently in the neighbourhood of Dharmasala and the Kangra Valley, on the southern skirts of the Himalaya. From this centre the shocks travelled with diminishing strength through our globe and around the crust; and the trembling thus caused in the whole earth was recorded by delicate seismometers at Shide, Edinburgh, and other observatories thousands of miles from the place of origin.

The first indication of an earthquake upon the autographic record of a seismometer is a series of wavy lines representing tremors which have travelled from the disturbed centre along straight lines through the interior of the earth with a velocity of about five and a half miles per second. These short waves are succeeded by longer ones, which travel around the earth with a velocity of nearly two miles a second, and therefore arrive after the quicker waves that take short cuts through our globe. By noticing the interval between the arrival of the two types of waves, it is thus possible to estimate the distance of the disturbed centre from the observing station. About fifty world-shaking earthquakes occur every year, but fortunately most of them do not originate in thickly-populated districts. The great Assam earthquake of June 1897 was one of the most violent of which there is any

historical record, no less than ten thousand square miles of land being altered by it, but it did not cause so much damage and loss of life as the recent disturbance because there were no large cities within the area of greatest violence.

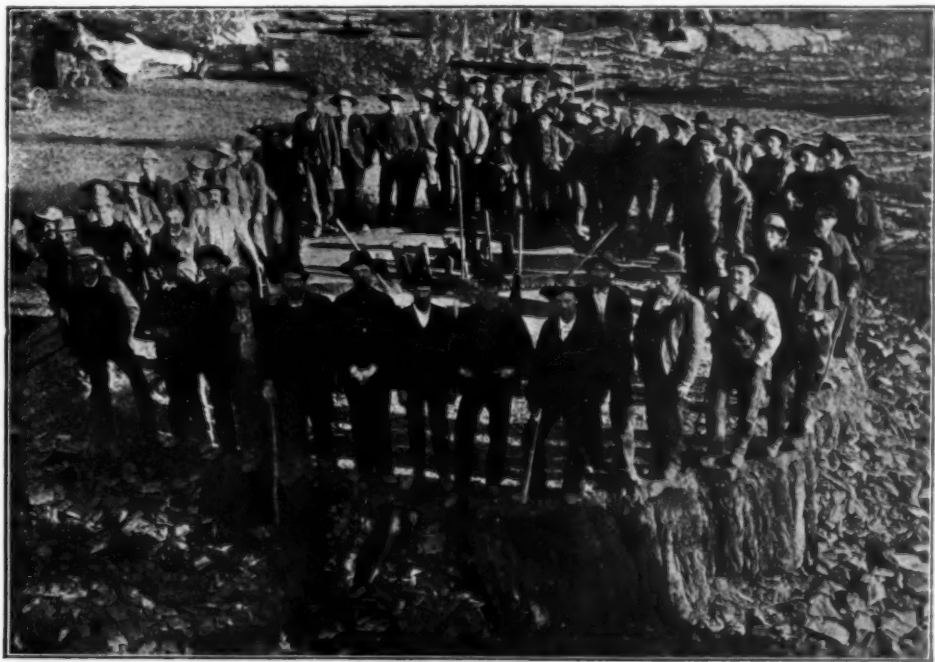
Practically, all the earthquakes which have occurred in India have originated in the mountains of the north-east or the north-west. The great range of the Himalaya represents a fold in the earth's crust elevated by forces which work unobtrusively for the most part, but it happens now and then that the pressure, or sometimes tension, accumulates until it becomes relieved by a sudden slip or fracture at a weak spot, and the result of the sudden movement is an earthquake. It is impossible to prevent these adjustments of the crust of the earth to the shrinking foundation upon which it rests. The only way to minimise the effects of earthquakes, as regards loss of life and destruction of property, is to make dwelling-houses of light material and with special joints, as is done in Japan. To erect substantial stone buildings in a district known to be liable to be severely shaken by earthquakes is to court disaster.

The Biggest Trees in the World

THE Big Trees of California are unique in the world, and the accompanying picture shows in a striking way the size of a stump of one of these giant Sequoias, which now exist in ten small groves scattered along the west slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and nowhere else in the world. Most of the groves of these Big Trees are privately owned, and lumbermen are at work upon them, so that at present the specimens which are remarkable for their size do not exceed five hundred.

The Big Tree has come down to us through many centuries because of its superb qualifications. Its bark is often two feet thick and almost non-combustible. The oldest specimens felled are still sound at the heart, and fungus is unknown to the tree. In earlier times the ancestors and kindred of these Sequoias formed a large part of the forests which flourished throughout the polar regions, now desolate and ill clad, and extended into the low latitude of Europe, so that the trees belong to an ancient stock.

By counting the annual rings of trees which have been felled it has been found that some of them lived for four thousand years or more before they were cut down. No estimate can be made, however, of the age which the trees



STUMP OF A BIG TREE IN CALIFORNIA

These trees formerly flourished throughout the Polar regions. Some when felled had stood 4000 years, and might have lived another 4000.

Science and Discovery

could possibly attain if left to grow, for they seem never to die a natural death, and unless destroyed by man, lightning, fire or storms they live on indefinitely.

Thunderbolts and Fireballs

It occasionally happens that during severe thunderstorm, what is described as a "ball of fire" is seen to travel slowly through the air, and then to burst before or after it reaches the surface of the earth. The counts of phenomena of this kind are frequently much more exaggerated, but they are sufficiently accurate to prove that lightning discharges can really take a globular form. The exact nature of the phenomenon is, however, not understood, and careful observations of the character and effects of this globular lightning are much to be desired. As a matter of fact, although dazed during thunderstorms, no solid appeared fragment of any such "balls of fire" has been recovered. When lightning strikes loose sandy ground, it sometimes fuses the particles of sand, and the molten rock fragments run together to form rough tubes around the line in which the discharge takes place. These irregular tubes, which are sometimes two or more inches in diameter, are well known to geologists, who term them fulgurites; and people who do not clearly distinguish between cause and effect often regard them as thunderbolts brought to the earth by lightning. The only solid masses which actually fall upon the earth come from outer space, and have nothing to do with thunderstorms. Brilliant meteors, or fireballs properly so called, may be seen in a clear or a cloudy sky, and if they are not entirely driven into vapour by friction against the air, they reach the earth's surface as meteorites, many of which are preserved in museums. Sometimes, when large meteorites fall, explosions occur which may be mistaken for thunder, but they are not connected with lightning or any other exhibition of atmospheric electricity. Of course, a meteorite could fall during a thunderstorm, but the coincidence of the two occurrences would not establish any relation between them. The whole point is then, that, so far as present knowledge goes, any object which is said to be a thunderbolt is either particles of rock fused together by lightning passing into the earth, or a meteorite from outer space. No solid mass of any kind has ever been obtained from the "balls of fire" seen during some thunderstorms.

A Vegetable Caterpillar

READERS of Baron Munchausen will remember his story of cherry stones which germinated in the heads of some deer, and produced fruit trees, which the animals carried about with them. The New Zealand vegetable caterpillar, some fine specimens of which have recently been obtained by Messrs. Armbricht, Nelson and Co., Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W., is a curious instance in which this flight of fancy is realised to some extent in nature. This caterpillar, while burying itself in the ground for the purpose of changing into the chrysalis state, often gets the spores of a certain fungus between its head and the first ring of its body.

When this occurs, the spores soon begin to sprout vigorously, and the sprouts are carried to all parts of the caterpillar's body, utilising the substance of the body to thrive upon, until all the animal tissue is exhausted and a fungus growth has taken its place. The fungus throws no root out of the body of the caterpillar, but is born, lives and dies, only on and in the caterpillar, and the shape of the caterpillar remains unaltered, though a hardened fungoid mass fills the skin in the place of the animal substance. Ultimately a stalk arises from the fungus, generally through the neck of the caterpillar, and shoots up from the ground above its sarcophagus. Natives of New Zealand eat these plants, which, when fresh, are said to have the flavour of a nut, and also use them, when burnt, as colouring matter for their tattooing.

The accompanying striking illustration has been photographed from a specimen of a caterpillar which has been converted into a woody substance by a fungus that has afterwards sprouted out to a length of more than six inches. Sometimes stalks of this kind are nearly a foot long, and occasionally two or three sprout from a single caterpillar.

Welding by Electricity

THE system of welding metals by the aid of electricity was introduced in 1886 by Elihu Thomson. Since then its expansion has been very great, as electric welding renders practicable many operations impossible by the ordinary forge or blow-pipe methods. The results of tests of the comparative strength of the two systems show that in the case of hand-welded iron bars the ratio of weld to solid was 89.3 per cent., in the case of electrically-welded bars the ratio was 91.9 per cent. The new method has been particularly advantageous in the making of cycle rims and tires for vehicles generally.

A CATERPILLAR IN WHICH A FUNGUS HAS TAKEN ROOT AND SENT OUT A STALK FROM THE INSECT'S HEAD

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

The Sultan of Morocco

THE recent visit of the German Emperor to the Sultan of Morocco has again stimulated interest in that wild, weird, romantic land. It will be remembered that by a recent convention between this country and France the latter's paramount interest in Morocco was recognised. The Kaiser seems to have felt that German commercial interests in that country were in danger, and the ostensible object of his visit was to

help in maintaining "the open door."

In view of these facts the following account by the late Mrs. Bishop, the famous traveller, of an interview she had with the Sultan of Morocco, the only interview ever accorded by him to a white woman, is of



THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO IS AN ENTHUSIASTIC CYCLIST, RATHER A NOTABLE CHARACTERISTIC FOR AN AFRICAN POTENTATE

timely interest. "He welcomed me," wrote Mrs. Bishop, "with a smile which made his face very prepossessing, and entered into conversation, Kaid Maclean acting as interpreter. After a while he asked me if I would like to see his photographic negatives, and a number of them were produced, but except for a portrait of Kaid Maclean, I thought that they were hardly worthy of the instruction he had received, and the time he spends upon the art, for all of them were more or less 'fogged.' He is to be respected, however, for developing his own negatives. He is always procuring new cameras from England, and the latest acquisition is an Adams 'de Luxe' camera, with all the metal-work in gold, which has cost two thousand guineas."

The Sultan is also an enthusiastic cyclist, and our picture represents him ready to mount his latest bicycle.

Of Kaid Maclean, whose sunny face beams with a unique kindliness, it may be said that he is the one influence which makes for righteousness in the *entourage* of the Sultan of Morocco; the one man who has the courage to say to his master regarding a proposed act, "My Lord, this is not right."

He loves the Sultan, and from the sovereign's look and manner it is evident he is loved in return. His influence is altogether in favour of reform, but the intrigues of the Shereefian, as of other Oriental courts, are limitless and unfathomable, and arrayed against real reform are hosts of "vested interests," the sanctity (?) of traditional corruption, and numbers of



KAID SIR HARRY MACLEAN, THE CLEVER SCOT WHO COMMANDS THE TROOPS OF THE SULTAN. HIS IMPENDING RETIREMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Over-Sea Notes

powerful men who are interested vitally in the maintenance of the infamies of administration as they are.

Still earlier, another Scotsman became accidentally influential in Morocco and left an enduring monument to himself in the name of its seaport.

About the origin of the name Mogador there is a curious story. A Scotsman named McDougal, sole survivor of a wreck on this coast in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, settled among the natives and taught them many useful arts, such as working in metals, etc. A monument was raised over the tomb of "Sidi Mogdul," as they called him, and to this day he is worshipped by the Moors, while the corruption of Mogdul into Mogador by Europeans has given the name to the town.

On a Sicilian Railway

Nobody in Italy or Sicily goes quick-step, except the splendid little soldiers of the Bersaglieri regiment; and they die early of heart-disease. In hired carriages you seem to get what journalists call "a fine turn of speed," until you discover that the driver is doing it all himself, by the flourish of his whip and the use of bold speech. There are express trains in Italy and Sicily, just as there are in Ireland; but in all three countries the performance of the engine is rarely in keeping with the promise of the time-table.

We will not say that a Sicilian express ever travels at a less speed than fifteen miles an hour, and we cannot honestly say that it always travels at a greater. The guard in charge of it has the air of being out for a holiday. He seems to conduct the train not so much for the purpose of getting it to its destination within the time set down in the books, as for the opportunity the journey affords him of meeting

his friends and acquaintances at the various stations *en route*.

He greets every station-master as a long-lost brother. He "passes the time of day" with the policeman. He talks a little of politics with the wine and fruit seller at the stall. He throws an appreciative eye over the scenery, and seems on the point of settling down to sketch it. Presently it occurs to him that as the train is an express it ought not to be more than four or five hours behind time at the terminus. He takes out his bugle, polishes it on the sleeve of his coat, and tootles a little on it in the style of a man who has a natural liking for music. The engine-driver awakes from his nap, and turns on the whistle—more for the sake of accompanying the guard than of giving warning to the passengers—and shortly afterwards we are trundling on again.

The Treatment of Native Races

THE question of the treatment of natives has been before the public of Australia rather prominently of late, through certain disclosures that have been made.

In the northern parts of Western Australia there is a large population of aborigines, and disquieting rumours have from time to time reached the ears of the public about the ill-usage to which they were subjected, but nothing so definite has been received as a report which has just been published by Dr. Roth of Western Australia, who was appointed to inquire into the matter.

The law manifestly needs amending, as it is shown that though there is a Native Protector, whose business it is to care for the blacks and see that they are humanely treated, he has no power to enforce their protection. The large numbers of half-caste children form a very serious problem, for they seem to drift inevitably towards absolute vagabondism.



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EASILY AND EVENLY
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
A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes: "I have used Antipon in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles."

"Southwold.
"I have felt a great relief from only taking one bottle. (Miss) "J. G—."

"Abergavenny.
"I am very pleased with the result of Antipon, and enclose 4s. 6d. P.O. for another bottle. I am now very slightly over my normal weight, so must not continue to use it much longer. I consider it a most useful discovery. I feel much better and lighter since beginning to take Antipon. My clothes at once began to feel delightfully loose from about the second day. (Miss) "D—."

An Anglo-Indian lady writes: "When I started Antipon I was 246lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is great (61lb.), for I only weigh 184½lb. I now can take four-mile walks with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is its power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is not flaccid in the least. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and have never restricted myself in any form of diet."

"Bath.
"Please dispatch 'urgent' another parcel. It is most successful. I should like to draw your attention to a curious fact. For some months I have been suffering from eczema. It has been slowly healing ever since the first week, and now every place is as healthy as a child's skin. (Mrs.) "G. D—."

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DISTURBING as it may be to realise that you are rapidly putting on flesh, and that, notwithstanding a restricted dietary, amounting almost to famine rations, the growth of fat is persistent, there need be no cause for alarm. Without food limitation, sweating, drugging, or any other out-worn abuses that have wrought so much harm in the past, Antipon will rapidly and permanently cure the most obstinate cases of obesity, and increase strength and vitality at the same time. Food is the very fuel of life, and, corpulent or not, no one can do without ample nourishment. Whilst gradually absorbing and eliminating from the system every particle of superabundant and diseased fatty matter, Antipon, by its splendid tonic action, increases appetite and improves digestion. The result is to effect an exchange. Sound muscular tissue is formed in lieu of the flabby, fat-sodden tissue that makes the limbs formless and the features pallid and bloated; new rich blood replaces the impoverished fluid impregnated with fatty matter. Hence improved health, and greater vitality and mental and physical energy, together with renewed beauty of face and figure, are the priceless blessings conferred by a short course of the famous Antipon treatment.

Antipon positively assures a rapid and permanent reduction of weight. A day and a night after beginning the treatment there will be a decrease of 8 oz. to 3 lb., according to the case, conditions of age, &c. Then day by day there is a rapid and sure diminution and return to normal weight and symmetrical proportions. This attained the doses may cease. The cure is absolutely complete and lasting. There are no restrictions as to mode of living; no drugging or sweating. Antipon itself is a pleasant tonic liquid, of harmless vegetable constituents, and causes no physical discomfort whatever.

The hundreds of grateful men and women who have voluntarily testified to the unflinching virtues of Antipon are as loud in praise of its re-strengthening, re-vitalising properties as of its marvellous, permanently reductive, and re-beautifying effects.

ANTIPON can be had of Chemists, Stores, &c., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—

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13 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE GREAT PERMANENT CURE FOR CORPULENCE

The evidence collected concerning the arrest of aborigines for alleged offences such as cattle-stealing, discloses a very unsatisfactory state of affairs on the part of many of the police, who ought to be the best guardians of these badly-treated people. It is proved that children between ten and sixteen years of age are charged with killing cattle, that they are arrested and beaten, and some were found in one gaol chained by the neck, though immediately released on discovery.

The blacks in many cases do not understand why they are arrested and sentenced to terms of imprisonment, in some cases old and feeble natives being brought in with such haste and cruelty that they soon collapse and die.

Apparently the police are allowed to arrest anybody, and to bring into the town where the trials take place as many witnesses as they like, for every native caught means a bonus to them, and they are paid ration-money for the witnesses, while it has been shown that they only give them in many cases half their allowance.

An effort has of course been made to hush up some of these disclosures, but sufficient has been divulged to make it impossible to hide things any longer, and the authorities seem determined to make an effort to put things on a better footing.—A. J. W.

A Tribute to the American Negroes

MR. JAMES BRYCE, M.P., author of *The American Commonwealth*, has recently returned from another visit to the United States, and in the *American Outlook* he gives some very interesting impressions. This is Mr. Bryce's view of the "nigger":

"The coloured man is not generally lazy, and in many places he is steady and industrious. He raises a great deal of cotton. He is a good worker in the mining regions. He is much



THE PEDLAR BASKET-SELLER OF JAPAN WITH HIS VARIED STOCK-IN-TRADE IS A PICTURESQUE OBJECT

more progressive than the negro of the West Indies. Many of the coloured people have acquired a good education and are fit for skilled work, some of them even for the professions. Unfortunately, there is little scope for them in law or medicine, for the whites do not employ them. When they qualify themselves to be teachers, they will only have coloured children to teach.

"On the other hand, they are now, owing to the superior capacity of the whites, being edged out of some occupations which they formerly followed. It seems that in the Southern cities barbers and waiters in hotels, for instance, are more largely whites to-day than they were forty years ago."

The Transformation of China

"I HAVE seen great changes in China; indeed, it has been given to me to see a new China altogether, or at least the beginnings of an entirely new China. The changes that will be witnessed here within the next twenty years will astonish the world. The whole of the Far East is rapidly undergoing a wonderful transformation. It is a great thing to have been permitted to witness all this, and it is a great privilege to have had some share, however insignificant, in bringing about the present state of things."—From one of Dr. Griffith John's latest letters.

VARIETIES

(With some charming photographs of children taken by our readers.)

OVER a baker's shop in Poona was seen this inscription, "Best English Loafer to His Excellency."

THE truly modest man retains his modesty when he is blamed as well as when he is praised.

THE number of Jews in the world is estimated at nineteen millions. Eleven of these millions are in Europe and half of the eleven in Russia.

IN all the twelve large volumes containing the "Duke of Wellington's Despatches" the word "Glory" does not once appear, though "Duty" may be found on every page.



"ASK NICELY"

(Prize Photo by Miss P. J. Carrick.)

MRS. McLUBBERTY.—"Phwat toime is ut, Murty? Dhe clock stopped dhe-day."

McLubberty (looking at his watch).—"Noine o'clock, me dear."

"Whoy, Oi t'ought ut was tin, at laste!"

"Ut's niver more dhan noine o'clock at dhis time in dhe avenin'."

TABBY CATS are so called from the resemblance of their markings to a kind of watered silk called tabby, after the name of the quarter of Bagdad where it was originally made, which in turn was derived from one Prince Attab.

GOOD WOMEN cannot be seen by those who doubt their existence, on the same principle that one must practise virtue to know what it is.

A Yankee Blow-up

TWENTY-TWO workmen engaged in boring a tunnel beneath the river separating New York and Brooklyn have had a remarkable experience, and one of them rejoices in a miraculous escape from death.

Boring was in progress, the men working behind a pneumatic forcing shield, when a hole in the roof was discovered and the workmen ran for safety.

One man named Creegan, more plucky than the rest, seized a bag of sawdust which was kept in readiness to plug leaks in the roof. He ascended to the roof by a ladder, but the size of the hole was bigger than he expected. His efforts, at first partly successful, were soon powerless to stem the torrent.

In the boring at the time there was a heavy pressure of compressed air, and the man was literally pinned to the roof and unable to move hand or foot.

As the earth gave way the hole became larger, and Creegan was shot upward with terrific force from the depths of the river.

A ship's captain navigating his craft on the East River thought the end of the world had come that morning when he saw a figure shoot like a rocket out of the water. It rose, as it were on the apex of a waterspout, about 20 ft. in the air, fell, and then began to strike out for the shore.

Creegan, interviewed by a newspaper correspondent, stated that the experience was the most remarkable he ever had; the funniest part of all being that, when he descended from the apex of the waterspout to the bed of the river, his hat was still on his head! He was entirely uninjured.

The newspaper man quoted above has been severely censured by his editor for his slowness. It was only after Creegan came down from the apex of the waterspout that the interview took place!

When to Fish for Trout

ON trout waters early-morning fishing is not advisable. Possibly something can be done with the worm, though an artist in that line will kill many more fish with the "up-stream worm" between eleven and two than before breakfast. In spring trouting early rising is simply a waste of energy. The fish will not move, as a rule, till "the day is well aired," say, by ten o'clock, when the fly begins to hatch.

Curing a Red Nose

A RED NOSE may be cured—so says a Berlin doctor. All you have to do is to apply to the organ, without friction, a folded piece of lint moistened with benzine. The Editor wishes it to be clearly understood that he assumes no responsibility for this statement!

The Strong Women of Japan

THE women of Japan are nearly as strong as the men and as much devoted to physical exercise. It is not an unusual sight to see a company of girls, who are strolling along a country road, step back a few yards for headway, and then, following a leader, all nimbly clear a five-foot fence by leaping over it.

His Sword Behind his Ear

IN some parts of Ireland it is a custom among bank-clerks to speak of one another as "officers" of the bank; but a recently-imported Cockney waiter in a Mayo hotel was not aware of this custom.

"Have you seen any of our officers here this morning?" asked a lordly knight of the quill.

Jim glanced keenly at his interrogator.

"Yussir," he answered promptly. "It isn't three minutes ago since one of 'em went out—with his sword be'ind 'is ear!"

Destroying Niagara

TWENTY-TWO per cent. of the total flow of water at Niagara Falls, according to the estimate of the *New York Sun*, is already diverted,

or will be diverted, by power-houses in process of construction. It is a sad commentary on American civilization that these striking natural features, of inestimable value to the country and impossible of duplication, should be surrendered by a short-sighted, narrow-minded business policy. A desperate fight is necessary at every point to keep the hand of business off the most majestic



A GOOD HORSEWOMAN

(Prize Photo by Mrs. Aylott.)

works of nature. People have yet to learn not only the æsthetic but the commercial value of beauty. They have not yet grasped the idea that beauty is a great commercial asset, a possession the value of which increases year by year.

Children see Straight

DR. MACNAMARA gives the following entertaining extract from a child's essay on government:—"Our country has a King who can do anything but what he ought to. . . . There is also houses called the Houses of Parliament. One of these is full of lords, called the House of Lords, but the other is only built for them gentlemen as perhaps you have seen some of them, and it is called the House of Commons. No gentleman can get in there unless they know as he can make laws. But the King has to look them over and see as they are made right. These Commons are called Conservatives and Liberals, and they try and hinder one anotherasmuch as they can. They sometimes have sides, and then you see it on the placards, and you can hear men and your fathers a talking quarrelling about it."



A BRAVE LITTLE FOOTBALLER

(Prize Photo by J. J. C. Shelly.)

Eggs as Currency

IN the counties of Mayo, Leitrim, Kerry, and Donegal eggs are taken as current coin. The peasants buy commodities at the shops with eggs—so many for a quarter of a pound of tea, so many for a pound of sugar, so many for an ounce of mustard or a packet of pepper. The mystery is how the Irish can keep so many fowls, and sell them and the eggs so cheap.

Sad and Beautiful

JONATHAN REED, an aged and retired merchant of New York, spent the greater part of the last ten years of his life sitting beside his wife's tomb. A room was furnished within the mausoleum and there poor Jonathan used to sit by the coffin, talking to his beloved dead. He thought that she was only asleep, and, that she might be pleased when she awoke, he had brought her fancy-work and her parrot into her resting-room. Now the old man himself is dead. His wife has awaked!

Elijah and Queen Elizabeth

A SMALL school-boy who had been reading about Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth, in writing an essay on Elijah, said: "As Elijah went up to heaven he dropped his mantle, and Queen Elizabeth walked over it."

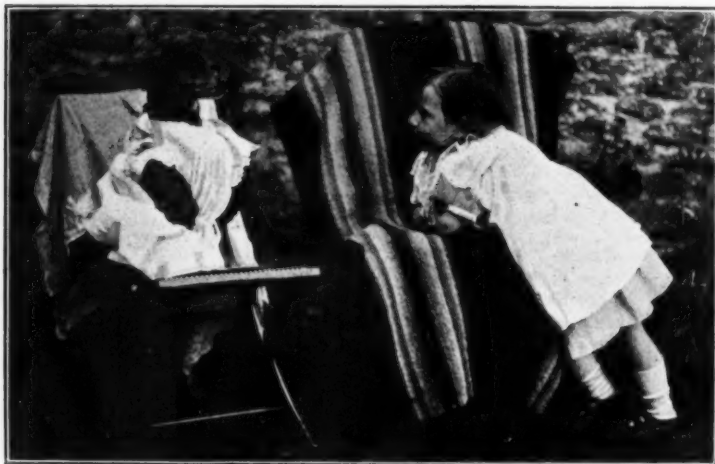
Varieties

Blotting-Paper as Medicine

A LADY girl, playing the part of nurse, rang an imaginary telephone on the wall to talk to her companion at the farther end of the room, who was playing the part of doctor. "Hallo!" said the nurse. "Is that the doctor?" "Yes!" answered her companion, in a deep voice—"this is the doctor." "Just got a bad case in," continued the child who was playing at being a nurse. "Lady swallowed a bottle of ink." Thereupon the doctor, with great gravity, inquired what had been done for the patient. "I've given her two sheets of blotting-paper!" replied the nurse.

Painting in the Dark

MR. H. KEGWORTH RAINE, a great-nephew of W. P. Frith, the painter of "The Derby Day," has his studio in a cellar. Here he is said to be working in semi-darkness, producing Rembrandtish paintings of the most wonderful effects. Mr. Raine is thirty-two, and so far has never exhibited his work.



"CAN YOU TALK?"

(Price Photo by Mrs. E. C. Copeman.)

Mothers, Please Note

THE amazing progress made by an infant in the first two years of life, when he learns to walk, to talk, to use feet and hands, to be polite, to do as he is told, is the most extraordinary achievement ever seen among men.

At no future stage is so much compressed into so short a time. Whether or no mothers appreciate it, these baby days, when the trend is given for all the coming life, are of unsurpassed opportunity and importance. Impressions, then made, are enduring. Good manners, good temper, a good conscience, the courtliness of the gentleman, the serenity of the lady, are all in the germ stage, while the little one is reaching up from babyland to the busy years beyond.

Irish Hand-made Carpets

THE peasants of Donegal make carpets by hand, in exactly the same way as the famous carpets of Persia are woven. In Windsor Castle is an all-wool carpet, of soft green colour, that was made entirely by women and girls belonging to the Donegal peasantry.

A Baffled Hero

A YOUNG countryman of Bitonto, Francesco Capaldo, was in love with a pretty girl, Elisa Fano, and although the girl herself was not averse to his suit, her mamma did not see Francesco with a "good eye," as they say in Italy, and so the course of true love did not run smooth.

Rendered desperate, the young man decided on heroic measures, and concocted a plot with some friends. The mother and daughter were in the habit of going frequently to some relatives in the evening, so one dark night the conspirators hid in a narrow street, and as the women passed sprang out upon them.

In the confusion which ensued, heightened by the intentional manœuvres of the young men, the gallant Francesco threw a shawl over the head of one of the frightened women, and, in spite of her struggles, bore her off to his house. "I am Francesco," he repeated at intervals, thinking to calm the terror of his lady love, only, however, to be answered by muffled tones from the shawl, struggles and kicks of such strength as to rouse his wonder and something of resentment that Elisa

should treat him so. Meanwhile the other woman had fled shrieking to cover, followed by the men to conceal the doings of Francesco.

The bold lover carefully removed the shawl, dropped on his knees, and raised his eyes to those of—Elisa's mother.

A Humorous Turk

A MAN called upon a Turk to borrow his donkey. The owner declared that the donkey was not at home. While the conversation was going on, the donkey from within brayed. "There, he is here! Let me have him," said the applicant. "I will lend no man anything who will believe a donkey's voice against mine!" said the Turk.



IN PENSIVE MOOD
(Prize Photo by W. Grove.)

Bad Writing Cured

A WELL-KNOWN musician is thought by some of his friends to be proud of the illegibility of his handwriting. One day an old friend received an almost hopeless scrawl from his pen. He studied it for five minutes, and then despatched the following note by a messenger:

"Dear B.—I shall be most happy to dine with you to-morrow at six. Kindest regards to your wife. Yours,—"

In less than half-an-hour his friend appeared, breathless, at his door.

"There's some misunderstanding," said he, anxiously. "I wrote you a note asking if you could play the piano part of the trio at Brown's recital, and here you've sent me an acceptance of a dinner invitation; I'm sorry, but I didn't invite you to dinner!"

"Well," returned the other blandly, "I didn't suppose you had. But I couldn't read a word of your note, and hereafter I mean always to take it for granted that you're asking me to dinner. Only next time I think I'll send my acceptance to your wife, so you'd better forewarn her!"

A Postal Anomaly

A DEBATE in the Canadian Senate has drawn attention once more to the great difference in the postage rates between Canada and Great Britain and Great Britain and Canada. Thus, while Canada conveys printed matter to this country for one half-cent per pound, our Post Office charges 4d. (or 8 cents) per pound to Canada. Again, the United States conveys the same class of matter to Canada for one cent per pound, giving American publishers a tremend-

ous pull over British houses. It has also been stated that the people of the United States are making use of the fact of these great differences in postal rates to flood Canada with papers and magazines calculated to undermine the loyalty of Canadians, or, at any rate, of the enormous new mixed immigration.

In a recent discussion it was seriously stated that the people of Ulster would find it cheaper to ship produce to London *by way of New York* than to send it overland, water conveyance being so much cheaper than that by land.

Wanted—Heroes!

ALL generous youth are worshippers of the heroic and eager to play the heroic part; they are disappointed if the occasion does not present itself, but the occasion is always with us; it cannot be taken from any of us in any walk of life, and we cannot escape it. "Act well your part," whatever it may be.

Mixing Mortar with Ale

AN old tradition still lingers in Derbyshire, respecting the famous Bess of Hardwick, to the effect that a fortune-teller told her that her death would not happen as long as she continued building. She caused to be erected several noble structures, including Hardwick and Chatsworth, two of the most stately homes of old England. Her death occurred in the year 1607, during a very severe frost, and at a time when the workmen could not continue their labours, although they tried to mix their mortar with hot ale. Malt liquor in the days of yore was believed to add to the durability of mortar.



A THRILLING STORY.
(Prize Photo by R. W. Copenman.)

Varieties

A Royal Romance

THE marriage of Prince Oscar Bernadotte, the second son of the King of Sweden, with Mademoiselle Ebba Munck makes a pretty romance. Prince Oscar lost his heart to Miss Munck, who was the favourite lady-in-waiting of the Queen. The King, in spite of the intercession of the Queen and the offer of the Prince to surrender all right of succession to the throne, would not hear of their marriage.

A day came when the Queen was to undergo a serious operation. Appealing to the tender love of the King for herself, she received his promise that, if she recovered from the operation, he would consent to the marriage of the lovers. God saved the life of the sweet Queen, and she sent for Mademoiselle Munck.



A MERRY RIDE

(Prize Photo by Miss A. B. Gifford.)

It was Christmas Eve, and all the family were assembled in the invalid's room. Mademoiselle, the possessor of a lovely voice, sang with great tenderness a poem of the King's, in which he pleads for the rights due to love. The King sat enrapt. The eyes of the Queen and of all those present were turned upon him in petition. When the song was ended he remained for a while in deep thought. Then with a start he rose from his seat, and approaching Prince Oscar took his hand and laid it silently in the hand of Ebba Munck.

The devoted couple were quietly married at Bournemouth. The Prince and Princess are zealous supporters of aggressive Christian work. The former has a Sunday school for the children of the upper classes.

Astronomical Notes for June

THE Sun will be vertical over the Tropic of Cancer (attaining his greatest northern declination), about 3 o'clock (Greenwich time) on the morning of the 22nd inst., which will be therefore, in Europe and the northern hemisphere generally, the longest day of the year. As that hour corresponds, however, at Washington to 10 o'clock in the evening on the 21st, the latter day will be slightly the longest in North America.

The Sun will rise at Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 3h. 51m. in the morning, and set at 8h. 4m. in the evening; on the 11th he will rise at 3h. 45m. and set at 8h. 14m., and on the 21st rise at 3h. 44m. and set at 8h. 18m. He will be on the meridian at the beginning of the month about 2½ minutes before noon by our clocks; at the middle of it exactly at noon (there being then no equation of time), and at the end of it about 3½ minutes after noon.

The Moon's phases, according to Greenwich time, will take place as follows:—New at 5h. 57m. on the morning of the 3rd; First Quarter at 1h. 5m. on the afternoon of the 10th; Full at 5h. 52m. on the morning of the 17th; and Last Quarter at 7h. 46m. on the evening of the 24th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, at

1 o'clock on the morning of the 14th, and in apogee, or furthest from us, about a quarter of an hour before midnight on the 25th. No eclipses, or other phenomena of importance, are due this month. The planet Mercury is visible in the early morning at the beginning of the month in the eastern part of the constellation Aries, moving towards Taurus; but he will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 24th.

Venus attains her greatest brilliancy as a morning star on the 2nd inst.; at the beginning of the month she is in Aries, but, moving in a north-easterly direction, will enter Taurus on the 28th. Mars is throughout the month in the western part of the constellation Libra; he will be on the meridian at 9 o'clock in the evening on the 12th, and at 8 o'clock on the 28th, and in conjunction with the Moon on the 13th, when nearly due south at 9 o'clock.

Jupiter is a morning star, situated to the north-east of Venus, their distance diminishing as the month advances; he will be in conjunction with the horned waning Moon on the 29th. Saturn is almost stationary in the constellation Aquarius; he rises earlier each morning, and at midnight about the middle of the month.

W. T. LYNN.

Our Chess Page

We have resolved that all Competitions are to cease on May 20, and the Prizes, including the medals, offered at the beginning of the year will be awarded for the work done up to that date.

The results will be announced in *The Leisure Hour* for August.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

(Key-moves only.)

No. 11. P—Kt 5.

" 12. B—Kt 5 L.

" 13. Kt—B 6 H.

Solutions received from:—

PROBLEMS.

Nos. 9—13: COL. FORBES, W. J. JULEFF, J. W. RAWSON-ACKROYD, G. J. SLATER, ISABEL R. THOMAS, R. G. THOMSON, DAVID WALKER, E. YOUNG (and 3 and 4—overlooked).

Nos. 9, 10, 12, and 13: H. STRONG.

Nos. 9 and 10: MISS A. ADAMS, F. W. ATCHINSON, E. ATFIELD, T. H. BILLINGTON, JAMES BLAND, G. BREAKWELL, H. H. CLEAVER, S. W. FRANCIS, A. J. HEAD, EUGENE HENRY, W. B. MUIR, J. A. ROBERTS, J. TAYLOR.

Nos. 11—13: T. DALE, W. HOGARTH, LILIAN JAMES.

Nos. 12 and 13: J. T. PALMER.

No. 10: A. J. BRADLEY, EMMA M. DAVEY.

Nos. 5 and 6 (overlooked): W. HOGARTH and E. THOMPSTONE. C. HINDELANG omitted to give Key-moves.

RETRACTOR NO. III. SOLUTION.

White K was on B 3, replace K.

Black Kt was on K 8 and × B on Q 3, replace Kt and B.

Black K—Q 4.

White K—Kt 4.

Black Kt × P ch.

White B × Kt dis. mate.

Correct solutions received from:—T. H. BILLINGTON, T. DALE, COL. FORBES, WALTER HOGARTH, C. V. HOWARD, W. B. MUIR, W. F. H. POCOCK, R. G. THOMSON.

RETRACTORS COMPETITION AWARD.

The two prizes, *Mrs. Baird's Seven Hundred Problems*, offered in February for the quickest solutions in the aggregate of Mrs. Baird's three Retractors, have been won by, 1st, Wm. F. H. POCOCK, Elmhurst, Suffolk Lawn, Cheltenham. 2nd, T. H. BILLINGTON, 162, Soho Road, Handsworth.

The next in order of merit were Messrs. C. V. HOWARD and T. DALE.

Correspondence Game

The number of players has been increased to twenty-one, Mr. W. B. DIXON having, through an oversight of his opponent, won his game so quickly that he has kindly consented to play Mr. MONCK, whose Chess fame is well known in Ireland and beyond.

Up to the time of going to press the score is 1—0 in our favour.

SOLVING COMPETITION (Nov. to Feb.) AWARD.

Prize-winners:

Half-a-Guinea each:

COL. FORBES, Cheltenham; S. W. FRANCIS, Reading.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence each:

F. W. ATCHINSON, Billingham, Linca.; EUGENE HENRY, Lewisham, S.E.; DAVID WALKER, Uddry, Aberdeenshire.

Five Shillings each:

GILBERT BREAKWELL, Kidderminster; H. H. CLEAVER, Lavender Hill, S.W.; WM. B. MUIR, Higher Broughton, Manchester; E. YOUNG, Ringwood.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION AWARD

BEST PHOTOGRAPH OF A CHILD

Several competitors have run each other very closely, and we have been compelled to divide both the 1st and 2nd prizes. Others evidently did not realise that the photos were to be entirely their own work. See our Variety pages for specimens of the photographs sent for competition.

First Prizes: 5s. 3d. each:

MRS. E. C. COPEMAN, The Union, Wincanton.
MR. R. W. COPEMAN, The Union, Wincanton.

Second Prizes: 2s. 6d. each:

MR. W. GROVE, 24 Claremont Road, Wandsworth, S.W.

MISS A. B. GIFFOLD, a Togher House, Holly Mount, Co. Mayo.

MR. J. J. C. SHELLY, 11 Parlington Street, Harpurhey, Manchester.

MISS P. J. CARRICK, Athelstaneford, Drem, N.B.

MRS. E. E. AYLOTT, Breydon, Buckingham Road, Woodford.

Highly Commended:

MRS. F. LINDSEY, MR. CARSLAKE WINTERWOOD, MISS C. FRENCH.

The Fireside Club

For the Tennyson Search Questions in the April number the prize has been awarded to MR. HURNDALL, Woodbury, Castle Bar Road, Ealing, W.

Abbreviations Competition

(SEE PAGES 86, 156, 352.)

KEY.—List 1.

1. Religious Tract Society.
2. West.
3. Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General.
4. Aerated Bread Company.
5. Post Meridiem.
6. Post Mortem.
7. Leg before wicket.
8. Four prendre congé.
9. (Knight) Grand Commander of the Star of India.
10. National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.
11. New South Wales.
12. Church Missionary Society.
13. On His Majesty's Service.
14. Midland Railway.
15. Associate of the Royal Academy.
16. Royal Naval Reserve.
17. Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians.
18. College of Preceptors.
19. Royal Marine Light Infantry.
20. Norddeutscher Lloyd.
21. Distinguished Service Order.
22. Church of England Temperance Society.
23. Marylebone Cricket Club.
24. Cash On Delivery.
25. Privy Councillor.
26. Doctor of Science.
27. Répondez s'il vous plaît.
28. East Central.
29. Cambridge University Boating Club.
30. London Missionary Society.

List 2.

1. Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.
2. Associate of the Royal Academy of Music.
3. King's Royal Rifle Corps.
4. Pacific Steam Navigation Co.
5. Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.
6. Master of Ceremonies.
7. Fellow of the College of Organists.
8. Victoria Cross.
9. Vice Chancellor.
10. Great Central Railway.
11. Voluntary Early Closing Association.
12. Royal Engineers.
13. Royal Academician.
14. Royal Horse Artillery.
15. Charity Organisation Society.
16. Fortissimo.
17. District Commanding Officer.
18. Bill of Lading.
19. Bachelor of Medicine.
20. Master of the Fox Hounds.
21. Messageries Maritimes.
22. Member of the (Royal) Victorian Order.
23. Take (Med. term, Lat. recipe).
24. Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.
25. Foreign Office.
26. Horse Power.
27. Knight of the (Most noble Order of the) Garter.
28. Ancient Order of Druids.
29. Caught and Bowled.
30. Bachelor of Laws.
31. Western East Indies.
32. (Knight) Grand Commander of the (Most eminent Order of the) Indian Empire.
33. Orient Pacific Line.
34. Forzando.
35. Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (in Foreign Parts).

List 3.

1. Knight of (the Most illustrious Order of) St. Patrick.
2. Royal Army Medical Corps.
3. Baptist Missionary Society.
4. Member of the Legislative Council.
5. British Women's Temperance Association.
6. Passengers' Luggage in Advance.
7. General Steam Navigation Co.
8. Imperial Service Order.
9. Royal Marine Artillery.
10. Associate of the Theological Senatus.
11. Fellow of the Statistical Society.
12. Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries.
13. All Correct.
14. Kew Observatory.
15. Junior Warden.
16. Free of Particular Average.
17. Free on Board.
18. Social Democratic Federation.
19. War Office Department.
20. Volunteer (Officers') Decoration.
21. Canadian Pacific Railway.
22. Et cetera.
23. Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects.
24. Royal Dragoons.
25. Royal Mail Steam Packet.
26. Royal Horse Guards.
27. Ku-Klux-Khan.
28. Jesus (First 3 letters Greek, IH Σ); also interpreted as Jesus Hominum Salvator.
29. Immediate Past Master.
30. Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants.
31. King's Own Scottish Borderers.
32. Associate Pianist, Trinity College London.
33. Order of Merit.
34. North Polar Distance.
35. Requiescat in pace.

PRIZE WINNERS

Ten Shillings:

MRS. C. M. BULLEN, 276 Roman Road, Bow, E.

Eight Shillings each:

KATE E. COLMAN, Bridge Street, Peterborough;
FLORENCE M. KENSIT, 146 Alexandra Road, S.
Hampstead, N.W.

Seven Shillings each:

THOS. H. BANKS, 64 West End, Witney, Oxon;
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ETHEL F. COX, 36 Eaton Rise, Ealing, W.;
ELSIE ERLEBACH, Woodford House School,
Birchington, Kent; WALTER HEWETT, 2 Aislebie
Road, Lee, S.E.; FLORENCE E. ROBINSON, 55
Marks Road, Windsor; M. SCOTT, Draycott
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ham; MISS E. L. FINCH, 25 Bridge Avenue,
Hammersmith, W.; FRANK N. GASQUOINE, St.
Oswalds, Upper Bangor; A. B. LEAVER, Mar-
tock R.S.O., Somerset.

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LYDIA M. BAKER, 63 Brigstock Road, Thornton
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Portman Square, W.; ALICE M. DOBSON, 26
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12 Crossfield Road, S. Hampstead; FRANCIS M.
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SARAH H. LOWE, Edge Hill College, Liverpool;
E. ALFORD WAREHAM, 27 Mayfield Terrace,
Edinburgh; B. M. C. WOOD, Great Poulton
Rectory, Grantham.

Very Highly Commended:

E. BAYLES, E. H. COLMAN, A. M. CUNNINGHAM,
JOHN HARRIS, MISS HEYWOOD, LUCY HIGGS,
GEORGE A. HORTON, M. HOUSTON, F. JAMES,
ETHEL M. SMITH, F. J. SIMPSON.

Highly Commended:

FRANK W. ATCHINSON, C. ANDREWS, E. A. and
N. BALFBUY, E. M. BRADFORD, HENRIETTA
BRIGGS, GWENDOLINE CATER, R. W. COPEMAN,
A. B. DAVIES, MRS. G. DOWDNAY, MRS. HALL,
S. W. HAYWARD, BARBARA LEWIS, M. A.
M'ACALISTER, BLANCHE MASSEY, MISS SLATER,
KATHLEEN TAYLOR.

The key furnishes a correct solution to the
hundred Abbreviations given in this competition.
In many cases there were alternative answers
which obtained part or full marks. But we
naturally gave preference to those solutions which
would be generally accepted.

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